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LOVE'S SILENCE.

BY OSCAR WILDE.

As oftentimes the too resplendent sun
Hurries the pallid and reluctant moon
Back to her sombre cave, ere she hath won
A single ballad from the nightingale.
So doth thy beauty make my lips to fail,
And all my sweetest singing out of tune.

And as at dawn, across the level mead,
On wings impetuous some wind will come,
And with its too harsh kisses break the reed
Which was its only instrument of song:
So my too stormy passions work me wrong,
And for excess of Love my Love is dumb.

But surely up to thee mine eyes did show
Why I am silent, and my lute unstrung:
Else it were better we should part and go,
Thou to some lips of sweeter melody
And I to muse the barren memory
Of unkissed kisses and songs never sung.

WON BY WEALTH.

A Tale of a Wedding-Ring.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "WEAKER THAN A WOMAN," "THE SHADOW OF A SIN," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER V.—[CONTINUED.]

I HOPE not," said Lord Carlswood, abruptly.

"They may even," continued the lawyer, with great diplomacy, "have the grand old Carlswood spirit—the fire, the chivalry, the honor of the race."

Lord Carlswood's face cleared.

"If that should be the case," pursued Mr. Ford, "they have a greater claim to succeed than any stranger without these characteristics could have.

"After all there is something in a rightful claim; and most certainly the children of Katrine Ismay Carlswood ought to come after her father—it would be a crying injustice to pass them over."

"You are begging the question," said his lordship, sharply—"she may have no children."

"I grant that; but I suggested that we should find her, and then we shall know."

At first Lord Carlswood was violently opposed to the idea—he would never let the children of "that thief" have Bralyn.

"He was a thief!" cried the old man, in a sudden passion of anguish.

"If he had stolen all my wealth, I could have spared it far more easily than I could have spared my daughter."

He buried his face in his hands, and the lawyer respected his grief. Lord Carlswood would not at first consent to Mr. Ford's proposal; he was angry, contemptuous, indignant; but after a time he reopened the discussion, which Mr. Ford considered a good sign; and then he listened to reason, next made excuses for himself, then wavered in his resolution, and finally agreed to what was suggested.

He persuaded himself that after all he had only listened to reason—that he had only consented to do what was best for his race. He would not, even to himself, own that natural affection or a lingering remnant of love for his daughter had actuated him. Having yielded, he wrapped himself in a mantle of reserve; he became to all outward appearance harder and prouder than ever.

Mr. Ford saw how the proud face quivered with emotion, and the firm lip trembled. The old nobleman was silent for some minutes after he had given his consent, and then he turned suddenly to Mr. Ford.

"If it has to be done at all," he said, "let it be done quickly; there is no time to be lost."

Then they began to discuss details. Mr. Ford found, not much to his surprise, that Lord Carlswood knew nothing of his daughter—that he never heard one word of her since she left home.

"Has she never written?" asked the lawyer.

"Yes," was the brief reply; "but all the letters have been destroyed."

It was agreed that they should begin to search for her once, but there was not the least clue to start with.

"It is more than twenty years since she left home," said Lord Carlswood. "It seems to me almost hopeless."

But Mr. Ford thought differently.

"It is not so difficult to find any one as you imagine. I shall seek the help of one or two men from Scotland Yard, and you will see that we shall soon have news for you," he said hopefully—and he believed what he said.

For some time after this interview friends and servants all noticed how excited and restless Lord Carlswood had become. It seemed to him impossible, that he should ever look upon the face of his child Katrine again. He was always wondering if news had been heard of her—if she were found.

Weeks passed, and though Mr. Ford wrote constantly his letters contained but little intelligence.

One came at last which threw Lord Carlswood into a fever of excitement. Mr. Cameron and his wife had been traced first to London where they had lived some months and in all probability had spent the little money they had.

In London Thornton Cameron tried hard for a professional engagement; but young, unknown, without friends or influence, how was he to succeed. From the great city he had gone to Liverpool, only too thankful to take an engagement that brought him in a hundred per annum. In Liverpool he and his wife had taken furnished lodgings; and there a little child, baptized at St. John's church under the name of Ismay Cameron, had been born.

In Liverpool Mr. Cameron had tried the hopeless and difficult task of endeavoring to maintain a lady, brought up in the midst of affluence and luxury, on one hundred per annum.

The struggle had been from the first a most hopeless one. With a careful, economical wife he might have weathered the storm; but Katrine had seldom heard the word "economy," and had but a poor idea of what is really meant She was perfectly ignorant of the value of money; she had always had exactly what she wished — the cost of it was a matter she had never considered. She had been brought up in one of the most luxurious homes in England—what could she possibly know of small economies and sordid cares? She wondered why, now that Thornton had an engagement, they could not have good wine. She was ill, and she missed her father's wine more than anything else. She raised her beautiful eyes in wonder when Thornton once, wishing to please her, brought her a bottle of "Fine Port."

"That is not good wine, Thornton," she said—"it is not like the wine we had at home. Get me some of that."

It was with difficulty he made her understand that they could not afford it, and it was with equal difficulty he taught her even more painful facts. He gave up the task in utter despair, and started out in the world again to find something better.

He was traced to Chester; and at Chester it was found that, after struggling for some time with adverse circumstances, fate and fortune both against him, he had broken down entirely. He had spoiled his life by the very action that he had hoped would make it. He had thought to reap a fortune by marrying the only daughter of a rich nobleman; instead of which he had marred every prospect that life held for him. How could he, a poor, unknown musician, without friends or interest, keep an elegant, refined lady in comfort—nay, supply her with even the most common necessaries of life? He could not possibly do it, and the knowledge that he had made such a lamentable mistake killed him. He had been seized with a dangerous illness, which gave but little hope that he would ever recover.

He had battled with it for some time, but at last he had died, and had been buried at Chester.

His wife had remained there for some time in the greatest destitution, and then left, taking her little girl with her; and there all trace of her and the child had been lost.

Some of the cleverest detectives in England had been employed to find her and failed. Mr. Ford, who had undertaken the chief direction, was ashamed of failure: he did all that was possible, but he averred to himself at last that the task was hopeless, and that he had no choice but to abandon it.

* * * * * *

Once more Mr. Ford and Lord Carlswood sat together; the lawyer looked puzzled, the master of Bralyn unhappy.

"So you give up all hope?" he said to the solicitor. "You think there is no chance?"

"I have done all that man could do and have failed," he replied drearily; "if there had been one resource left, I should not have come to your lordship.

"It is almost useless perhaps to ask the question—I suppose none of your daughter's letters have been kept?"

"I have never seen any of them," said Lord Carlswood.

"You did not notice the post-marks on the envelopes?" pursued Mr. Ford.

"I have never seen the letters at all; I gave orders to Thorpe to destroy them as soon as they came, and never to allow them to be brought to me. I thought she would be sure to write; but I have never asked if she has done so."

"Do you think it probable that Thorpe may have noticed the post-marks?" asked Mr. Ford.

"I cannot tell; but you can ask him."

The bell was rung, and the butler sent for. Mr. Ford repeated the question, and wondered at the change that came over the man's face.

"I should like to ask one question before I answer," he replied, respectfully. "Your lordship has been pleased to make me a confidential servant; permit me to inquire do you want information about my young mistress?"

"I do," said Lord Carlswood. "I want, not her but her child or children, if she has any living."

"They would hardly be children now," observed Mr. Ford; and then, turning to the butler, he added, "Tell me, Thorpe—when did the last letter come, and did you notice the post-mark on it?"

The man looked at his master.

"I hope your lordship will not be angry with me," he said; "I disobeyed you. You told me to destroy all Miss Carlswood's letters; but I did not do so. I have kept them thinking and hoping that some day they would be useful. I have them every one by me now."

A sudden light came into Lord Carlswood's face.

"That is good news," he said; "I am indebted to you for your sense and prudence, Thorpe."

He tried to speak calmly, but it was easy to see that he was terribly excited. Mr. Ford was more demonstrative.

"You have done the wisest and most sensible thing you ever did in your life," he cried. "Let us see the letters, Thorpe, at once."

The man hastened from the room, and returned with a bundle of letters in his hands. He laid them before Lord Carlswood.

"They are all in order, my lord," he said, "just as I received them; they have never been touched. This was the first and that was the last."

And then discreetly, Thorpe withdrew. Mr. Ford went over to the table where Lord Carlswood sat.

"You must open them, Ford—I cannot," he said. His face was white, his hands trembled. "My daughter!" he said to himself; and Mr. Ford opened the letters.

He was a hard man, a cool, shrewd calculating lawyer, whose life had been spent amongst deeds and parchments; but, as he read, the tears rose to his eyes, and more than one deep sigh came from his lips. Katrine's first letter was a girlish gay composition, treating the whole matter of her elopement and marriage as a jest, asking her father if he would not be well pleased to find his daughter married without any trouble to himself. Yet at the end there was a little prayer for pardon. She asked him to forgive her, and not to feel annoyed. She had done that which would make her happy all her life. She would write again from London, she said.

The second letter was full of praise of her husband. He was so kind, so good, so clever; there was no one like him. The next contained an imploring prayer that her father would write. She had not meant to anger him so deeply, and she would not believe that he intended to cast her off. Then came despairing letters, telling him how hardly the world was using them, but always speaking well of her husband, and always praying for pardon. The next letter came from Liverpool, and told Lord Carlswood of the birth of a little granddaughter.

"We shall call her Ismay," wrote the hapless young mother; "and I am sure that you would love her if you saw her.

"She has my face and my hair. Dearest papa, forgive me for my little daughter's sake."

Then came a most despairing letter, written from Chester. They were starving, Mrs. Cameron said, and her husband was ill. The lawyer's strong voice trembled as he read the heart-broken supplication that followed. If Lord Carlswood would only send them bread to eat—if he would but give them the crumbs from his table—the alms that he would throw to the poorest beggar.

"She must indeed have changed," said the Lord of Bralyn, "She—a Carlswood—to beg for bread!"

Another letter told him that her husband was dead, and prayed him to let her come home to die.

"I have parted with everything I had in the world," she wrote, "except the little gold locket that you gave me with your portrait and the little ring that you took from my mother's finger for me; I shall have those buried with me."

The last letter but one said she was about to start from Chester, and would walk to the town of Ashburnham, where she would wait and rest for a few days.

The last letter of all came from Ashburnham, and was dated July the ninth. Surely there was never a more pitiful petition presented; there was an appeal that would have touched the hardest heart and Lord Carlswood covered his face with his hands as he listened.

Katrine wrote from a small stationer's shop, and the last penny she had in the world was to pay for the postage of the letter. She besought him, for her dead mother's sake, for the love of Heaven, to send her a little money—to save her from starvation and death—"ever so little," or she must take her child in her arms and lie down by the roadside and die.

That was the last—there the tragedy ended.

"If you had received that letter," asked Mr. Ford, "would you have refused her help?"

"May Heaven be merciful to me," he said with a deep sigh, "I believe that I should have done so."

"What can have happened?" questioned Mr. Ford, musingly. "She never wrote another letter. Did she die in Ashburnham, I wonder?"

Lord Carlswood's face grew white as with the pallor of death.

"Die," he said—"die of starvation? Do not hint of anything so terrible. For Heaven's sake, let us see about it at once! Shall we go? I shall never rest again."

The lawyer was just as anxious, but he foresaw difficulties. He knew how hard it would be to discover what had happened to a poor and lonely woman so many years ago.

"I will go to Ashburnham myself," said Mr. Ford; "I will lose no time. I will go at once; and the moment I discover anything I will send a telegram to you."

Lord Carlswood could hardly control his impatience.

"You think it better," he said, "that I should not go?"

"Decidedly," replied Mr. Ford. "I can act more quickly, more promptly, and more energetically if I go alone."

He went that same day, and the result of his journey was more satisfactory than he had ventured to hope it would be.

He took up his residence—not at the principal hotel—that was not a likely place to obtain such information as he sought—but at an old-fashioned inn; and when he had invited the landlord to join him over a glass of wine, he cleverly turned the conversation on the subject of strange and sudden deaths.

Then he heard the whole story—how a certain poor lady that had come to the town had died without telling her name, or saying to whom she belonged, or anything that could throw any light upon her history.

"She really died in that strange way?" questioned Mr. Ford breathlessly; and the landlord, all unconscious of the great interest at stake, answered, "Yes—that was how she died."

"And the child," pursued the lawyer—"what became of the child?"

He could hardly bear the moments of suspense before the landlord answered him.

"The Hopes adopted her; and she is the prettiest girl in the whole country side. Ismay Hope they called her."

The lawyer started as the familiar name fell upon his ear.

"Ismay," he repeated—"that is a strange name."

"Her mother called her by it before she died, and she has kept it ever since."

"She is beautiful, you say; and what age may she be?"

"That I cannot tell—she was quite young when she married."

Mr. Ford interrupted him somewhat rudely.

"When she married—whom did she marry?"

"Paul Waldron, who is the steward of Squire Schofield; but, if the matter interests you, sir, you can see Mrs. Hope. She is a great friend of my wife's, and she is never tired of telling the story."

It so happened that on this very evening Mrs. Hope came to take tea with the landlord's wife, and Mr. Ford, although a bachelor himself, understood the fair sex sufficiently to feel that, if a woman was more communicative at one time than another, it was during the time spent over a cup of tea.

He asked permission of the landlord to join the little party—a favor which was most willingly accorded him, although the landlady felt some slight embarrassment.

The landlord smiled to himself, as though he would have said:

"There is some deeper motive here than appears on the surface."

Mr. Ford was shown into the little parlor where the tea-drinking was to take place.

He could not help thinking of the strange aspects of life.

Who would have thought that the interests of the noble house of Carlswood would bring him to this quiet, humble village inn?

Who would have dreamed that the fortunes of the only daughter of that illustrious race were to be discussed there?

He spent the evening in conversation; and that was how Mr. Ford came to know the history so well.

CHAPTER VI.

IT seemed almost incredible to Mr. Ford that such wonderful success should have attended him.

True, Lord Carlswood's daughter was dead, but his grand-daughter was living.

The love he would not give to Katrine might, and in all probability would, go to Ismay; he would be willing to do for his grandchild that which pride and anger would not allow him to do for his daughter.

Mr. Ford lamented that Ismay was married—that was the only drawback to his content; yet much, of course, would depend on the man she had married.

The lawyer sighed as he thought of the great gulf between Squire Schofield's steward and the proud Lord Carlswood—a gulf that it seemed impossible to bridge.

He could form no proper estimate until he had seen Ismay.

If she was hopelessly vulgar, if she had contracted such habits as could not be cured, if she was a country-bred peasant, without taste or refinement, then he must leave the matter entirely to Lord Carlswood's discretion—he would not urge him to adopt her.

He must see her, and then form his judgment; it would be more prudent to see her as a stranger, and not to give to her the least idea of what errand he had come upon.

He had taken a cup of tea with Mrs. Hope, who implicitly believed that he was what he represented himself to be—a traveling artist; at the same time she thought him a very curious gentleman, he asked so many questions, and he seemed so deeply interested in what she had to say of that unfortunate woman.

He cleverly drew from her a description of Ismay's home, and then said he should like to make a drawing of it.

"Nothing can be easier," she told him. "Mrs. Waldron is very amiable and sweet-tempered; she will be pleased to give you permission."

He went, and was more charmed with Ismay than he could have anticipated; her wondrous beauty, her grace, her charming manner, all delighted him.

And then, too, she had a son, the lovely laughing boy he had held in his arms, a child of whom even the proud Lord Carlswood might be proud.

He was surprised as well as delighted.

She spoke with some refinement, there was no vulgarity in her accents; and yet, despite the presence of the beautiful boy, he was tempted to wish again and again that she had not been married.

"What a sensation she would have created! She would have made one of the best matches in England; with that face and that figure, she would have created a perfect furore."

Still, though he was marvellously impressed by her, he could not tell how the Master of Bralyn would receive the news of her marriage.

He decided that he would trust to no letter, but would go to Bralyn himself, and then he could tell Lord Carlswood all.

There was missing only one link in the evidence; he wanted to see the locket and the ring.

There was no course open for to him save to tell the Vicar what was his real errand, and he did so under a promise of secrecy.

Then Mr. Kirdell showed him the little locket.

Although he was prepared for it, still the sight of Lord Carlswood's well-known features did startle him—it was the sure confirmation of all the other evidence.

Mr. Ford hastened back to Bralyn.

Lord Carlswood was greatly agitated.

"You say she is beautiful—so like her mother? What were they thinking of to let her marry so young? If that could be undone! What is her husband like?"

"He is a true son of the people—handsome, strong, with a fine face and a manly figure—industrious, and very clever, they say, at all kinds of mechanism. His hands is invention. He is a complete radical in politics, believing in the rights of the workman, and is eloquent after a grand, rugged fashion of his own—for he makes speeches, and is looked upon as a leader in his own small circle."

Lord Carlswood held up his hands with a gesture of horror.

"Enough!" he cried. "And what do you say his calling is?"

Mr. Ford looked half puzzled.

"I can hardly tell you," he replied. "Some people called him the Squire's steward, others his gamekeeper—to me he seemed to hold both offices."

"Does his wife seem warmly attached to him!" was the next question.

The lawyer smiled.

"I am a better judge, my lord, of the merits of a law case than of a lady's affection. I suppose she loves him. All wives love their husbands—do they not?"

"By no means," was the cynical reply. "You say the boy is healthy, and likely to live?"

"I am no judge of children either; but I never saw a more beautiful child. He looked strong and well."

Then there was silence for some minutes; the old lord seemed engrossed in thought.

His brows were knit, his lips firmly closed, and his hands tightly clasped.

Once a deep sigh came from him, and then he was silent again.

He raised his eyes at last, and looked in the lawyer's face.

By the strangeness of the glance Mr. Ford felt sure that some difficult proposition was coming.

Lord Carlswood rose from his seat.

He went over to the mantelpiece, above which hung the portrait of Jocelyn, Lord Carlswood, who had fought so bravely for the Stuart king, Charles the Second.

He looked long and earnestly at the pictured face—a dark face, full of noble resolve, full of fire and valor—and then he turned slowly and looked at Mr. Ford again.

"The Carlswoods have fallen very low during my lifetime," he said; "their name is sullied, their honor tarnished. But I have not fallen so low as to allow a man of that kind to make his home here."

"A man of what kind?" asked Mr. Ford, in surprise.

"That low-born, ill-bred radical. I should expect all the dead and gone Carlswoods to rise up in wrath against me if I even thought of such a thing."

"Then what do you propose?" asked the lawyer.

His lordship paused before he replied.

"Perhaps my plan may not meet with your approbation," he said, "but I may tell you at once that I am indifferent about that. This is my fixed resolve, and neither heaven nor earth shall move me from it. I will adopt my daughter's child—this bright beautiful Ismay. I will make her a wealthy heiress. She shall have the large fortune that was to have been divided between my two younger boys. I will adopt her son. He shall be my heir. He shall be Lord Carlswood of Bralyn after me. But—listen to me, Ford—I do all this solely on the condition that she gives up this low-born husband of hers, and consents never to see him again. If she will not agree, the whole matter must end—she may remain where she is, and I will find another heir."

There was another long silence, during which the singing of the birds and the whispering of the wind amongst the trees could be plainly heard; and then Mr. Ford's voice broke the silence.

"It is not right, my lord," he said, abruptly. "Such a separation as that is against all laws human and divine—it is against the customs of men and the will of Heaven."

"Nevertheless it must take place. I will never receive the husband here."

"Yet you would receive his child."

"He is of my own race, but his father is alien to it. He has noble blood in his veins. His father has none. He has no claim on me; nor will I ever acknowledge one."

"My lord," said the lawyer, "I will go still farther. I will speak even more strongly. What you propose to do is wicked. Pardon the word; it is simply wicked, and I will have nothing to do with it."

"That is at your own option," returned Lord Carlswood, haughtily. "If you decline to manage my affairs, there are plenty who will gladly undertake the office. My resolve is made, and I shall not depart from it. If my granddaughter will give up her husband, and promise never to see him again, I will receive her here; if not, we continue strangers. Nothing will induce me to change my resolve."

The two gentlemen were standing now facing each other both excited and eager.

"What has the man done, my lord, that you should seek to tempt from him a wife he loves? It is not his fault that she is a Carlswood. He gave her all he had—his love, his heart, his name; he has been proud to work for her; he loves her. Why should you part them? What has he done? Why should he suffer?"

"I have suffered myself," said the old lord, tremulously—"every one suffers."

"How would you have felt, my lord, if any one had sought to tempt Lady Carlswood from you?"

The Master of Bralyn held up his fine white hand with a warning gesture.

"You have the privilege of speaking plainly," he said; "do not abuse it. Do not institute comparisons, there can be none between such a man and myself. It is absurd to suppose that he would have sensitive or refined feelings. I have no doubt that a goodly sum of money will make ample amends to him for the loss of his wife. What did you say, Mr. Ford?"

"I said, may Heaven pardon you, my lord!"

"Thank you," was the sarcastic return. "The honor of my name is dearer to me than anything else on earth besides—how dear, even you could not tell. I should sully it if I offered that man a home here."

"You sully it far more by seeking to part those whom God has joined. My lord," continued the lawyer, with passionate eloquence, "I no longer wonder at the French Revolution—I shall wonder no more at the revolt of the poor against the rich—if these be the ways in which the great men of the world treat the humbler ones. If you had two doves—two tender birds—you would hesitate before you parted them; but this man, with a man's soul, keen to suffer, with a man's heart, full of deep affections, you will torture, and not even own that the torture is pain."

Lord Carlswood smiled, and no great anger darkened his face.

"I like you none the less, Ford, for your frank speaking; there are few who dare to say so much to me. My opinion is still unchanged; I shall receive my grandchild Ismay and her son only on these conditions. I will leave you to consider the matter. If you decline the further management of my affairs, so be it—if not, I will authorize you to make all arrangements."

Left by himself, the lawyer thought the matter over.

"If I refuse, some one else will do it," he said—"some one who has no influence over him, and who can never do anything for their good; I have some little influence, and I will use it for their benefit. Let him have Ismay and her son; his heart will soften in time, and then I shall be able to persuade him to receive the husband too."

When, afterwards, Lord Carlswood came for his answer, Mr. Ford said:

"I will undertake the affair, my lord; but let me tell you first that I do so under protest. In my opinion the whole thing is cruel and wicked."

That same day he returned to Ashburnham.

He tried to comfort himself by saying that it would all come right in time; but his heart was heavy within him, he did not like his commission.

"I must see Mrs. Waldron alone," he thought; "it will not be fair to her if I tell her before her husband. She must have time to think it over alone."

Once more at Ashburnham he watched Paul Waldron leave his home, and then he went to the cottage and asked for his wife. She was looking more beautiful than ever, he thought.

She had been out in the garden tying up the roses; the perfume of the crimson blossoms seemed to linger about her; her face was exquisite in its dainty bloom.

She smiled graciously when she saw her visitor.

"You have returned to make the sketch," she said; but there was no answering smile on his face.

"I have returned," he replied, "because I want to speak to you, Mrs. Waldron. I have something most important to say to you. Can you spare me a little time, now, at once."

Her beautiful face grew pale with apprehension.

"It is nothing that need frighten you," he said. "Some people would call it good news; I shall leave you to think of it as you will. I should like to see you alone," he continued; and Ismay led the way to the pretty seat under the elm-tree.

"This is my drawing-room," she said, with a bright smile; "but I do not know that I have ever received a visitor here before."

She gathered some roses as they walked down the path, and while he talked to her she pulled the fragrant leaves from the stems.

Long years after the perfume of a rose vividly recalled the scene to her—so vividly that she could not endure the flowers.

Nor did he ever forget it—the garden with its fragrant blossoms, the tall elm-tree, the cool spreading shade, the bright, lovely face framed in the bright brown hair, the white hands playing with the crimson buds—a picture so beautiful that Mr. Ford looked on in admiration too great for words.

He was silent for some little time, his heart troubled him with what he had to say.

He looked at Mrs. Waldron, and while he owned to himself that he had never seen any woman one-half so fair, he thought how much better and happier she would be living here in the midst of beauty and peace than tossed about on the waves of the great world.

Ismay wondered what he was thinking of, why he looked so grave, what anxious thought brought so stern an expression to his face, and why he was glancing at her with so strange a mingling of wonder, fear, regret, and admiration.

Her face grew crimson under his lingering gaze.

"I have no need to fear him," she thought to herself with some little impatience. "He must have something important to say, or he would never have asked me to come out here."

"What have you to tell me?" she asked at length, with a coquettish smile.

And then the grave look returned to his face, and he sighed deeply.

"I do not like my mission," he said. "You must always remember that I undertook it sorely against my will, but that my motive for acting as I do is that I may be of use to you in the time to come."

His grave voice, his earnest manner, surprised her.

She raised her lovely face to him, and on it was the simple wonder of a startled child.

"Only Heaven knows," continued the grave voice, "whether what I have to say to you is for your good, or whether evil come of it. Listen, Mrs. Waldron, and decide as you will."

Slowly, gravely, deliberately weighing each word, Mr. Ford told her the whole story, omitting no single grain of evidence, dwelling on her mother's folly as lightly as possible, yet making it quite apparent.

As she listened the dainty wild-rose bloom faded from her face, her lips grew white as the lilies, her eyes dilated with wonder that was almost fear.

Her white figure trembled as a leaf sways in the wind.

He finished, and his last words sounded to her as though they came down from the clouds.

A red mist swam before her eyes; and then she recovered herself with a great gasping sigh.

"You must be brave," he said; "you have worse to hear."

"And I," she said, "am really that great lord's grandchild?"

"There is not a legal doubt of it," he replied. "Listen yet, Mrs. Waldron. You are undoubtedly the daughter of Katrine Ismay Carlswood, who ran away from home with Thornton Cameron. You are the grandchild of Lord Carlswood, the Master of Bralyn and its rich dependencies. The child playing there may one day be Lionel, Lord Carlswood; you yourself may be a wealthy heiress. But there is one condition attaching to all this—a condition I am ashamed to lay before you, and one that I cannot advise you to accept. The option rests entirely with yourself."

"A condition?" she repeated, her face recovering its color, her eyes flashing with light. "You do not know how I have always longed to be rich. I cannot believe that my longing is gratified; there will be no condition too difficult for me to accept."

"I am not so sure of that," said the man of law. "Lord Carlswood is a very proud man—I should say no man living is prouder; he would, I believe, rather die any death than tarnish it. Think how he values it when he treated his only daughter as one dead because she married beneath her. I will be brief, for the subject pains me. Lord Carlswood will receive you as his grandchild—will give you a large fortune—will make your little son his heir—all upon condition that you leave your husband, whom he considers low-born, and promise never to see him again."

It was wonderful to see the light that flashed into her face, the indignant gleam of her eyes, the scorn of the proud lips.

"Leave my husband—promise never to see him again! I would not do it to be a queen! Paul loves me—I will not break his heart."

"You have answered just as I thought you would. I shall not attempt to influence you. I am bound to tell you that, if you refuse, Lord Carlswood will find another heir, and you will hear no more of the matter. Perhaps you had better take time before you decide."

"Leave my husband!" she repeated, with a burst of passionate tears. "He must be

wicked to think I would do so. I could not. Paul loves me so."

He sat in silence while the burst of passionate tears lasted.

Presently she turned angrily to him.

"You should not have presented such an offer to me," she cried. "How dare you tempt me so?"

"Madam," he replied, gravely, "I have but followed my instructions—neither more nor less."

"Tell him, this proud lord from me," cried Mrs. Waldron, "that I will never leave my husband—that I would not break his true, tender, loving heart for all the wealth in the world. Tell him that from me. You have made me ill. My brain seems turning. Go—leave me. Let me forget how you have tempted me, if I can."

Mr. Ford rose.

She turned away with a low, passionate cry, and then looked at him again, and spoke with a ring of passionate grief in her voice.

"I was trying to be happy," she said, "learning to be content; and now you have come to spoil it all."

She looked so lovely in her pride, her anger, and her tears, that the lawyer wished his employer could have seen her.

"Bear witness," he said, "that I have not tempted you. I have simply done as I was told to do. I will bid you farewell."

She looked as though inclined to detain him.

He hesitated.

"Will you take time time to think over it?" he asked. "Shall I go away, and return in one month from now?"

"Yes," she replied, almost inaudibly.

"And will you take my advice?" he concluded. "Do not say one word of this to your husband till I have seen you again."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

By the Moon's Light.

BY HENRY PRITH.

PHILIP LESTER sat before the bright fire that cast flickering beams of soft red light upon the library floor. His dark, pensive eyes were gazing dreamily into the grate before him. His face was thoughtful, for he was living over the past—his past, when, only a poor barrister, he had sought to win the heart of pretty Mabel Grey. Then he was full of faith in woman. But, after all, his idol had proved but clay, and when the little flirt had, with a graceful shrug of her shapely shoulders, replied that she "could never think of being the wife of a poor advocate," with a great pain tugging at his wounded heart, he had relinquished his dream. He would never marry, he said, for he had no faith in woman's love.

The years had wrought many changes in his life, for with his masterly mind and genial disposition he had soon stepped to the topmost round of the ladder of success. And to-night found him the chosen representative of his native borough.

"Heigh-ho!" he sighed, aroused from his reverie by the sound of voices in the adjoining room.

Rising, he was in the act of lighting the gas, but, hearing his own name spoken, he stayed the movement.

"Tell Mr. Lester? No, Nella, no! Never would I tell that unmitigated torment one word about it! But how are we to manage? And what spell are we to try?"

And Philip knew that the "firm," as he laughingly called Lillian, his sister, and her inseparable companion, Nella Brooks, were busily plotting.

"Well," replied Nella, excitedly, "we have decided on the spell of the 'spring.' You know Cousin Lulu came down to-day and brought a friend with her, so there will be four of us, and oh, what fun we'll have. But get your cloak, Lil, and let us make haste, so that we can all talk it over before night."

And after a hurried, bustling noise the house was silent, and the eavesdropper knew that the two young ladies had gone.

"Well, really, it is All Hallow Eve," he soliloquized. "So the young ladies are going to test their fortunes at the spring. Ha! ha! the 'unmitigated torment,' as Lil pleased to call me, will have a chance to indulge in his favorite amusement. What a frightened set they will be when they find that into really has sent a husband to one of them!"

And, with a mischievous smile, he resumed his seat, soon to be lost in the depths of the afternoon's mail.

* * * * * *

It was a clear, cold, crisp October night, and the moon smiled as sweetly upon the village spring as she did upon the sleeping Endymion. The myrtle's leaves whispered sweet music at the touch of the wanton breeze. The green turf lay like a velvet robe, all glittering with dew, as it stretched down to the pebbled sands of the babbling water.

This was the place chosen by the young ladies to test the spell of the time-honored night, and if it be true that the fairies hold a festival on All Hallow Eve, this certainly must be the spot where they meet.

Behind one of the largest trees sat Philip Lester, Esq., waiting. He was getting impatient, too, for he had been sitting there some time, and was both tired and cold.

"I don't believe any of them are brave enough to come," he muttered. "Ah! I believe I do hear a footstep."

And stretching his head from behind the tree of concealment, he espied a tiny, girlish figure hastening down the little path.

With breathless suspense Mr. Lester watched her approach.

At last she reached the spring, and he was cognizant of the fact that it was neither of the "firm." It must be one of the visitors; if so, all the more fun, for she would never recognize him.

Stepping lightly over the wet sand, the little figure hastily raised a handful of the sparkling, crystal bubbles, and throwing them over her right shoulder, began this incantation:

"Bonny bright moon,
Shining so clearly,
By thy pale light
Show me to-night
Him that I love so dearly!"

And with this softly muttered invocation, she waited for the charm to take effect.

"Now is my chance," thought Philip; and with head erect and military step, he emerged from his hiding-place and marched up before the frightened and astonished girl, bowing low in abeisance!

"Oh!" she exclaimed, with a little scream; and turning, would have fled up the path, but the "unmitigated torment" not to be outdone in carrying out the charm, threw his arms about the would-be fugitive, and gave her a hearty kiss.

The moon having been veiled behind a cloud, now shone out in all her glory, and looking into the captive's blushing face, Philip recognized his old sweetheart, Mabel Grey. She, too, recognized Philip Lester, and with a merry laugh, extended her hand. It was strange, but all the bitterness was gone as he looked into the laughing blue eyes, and felt the soft, little fingers in his own palm once more. Then standing in the moonlight, again he told the old, old story, and his answer this time renewed his faith in woman.

"And you have loved me all the while?" Philip asked, as Mabel nestled close to his side.

"All the while, Philip. I loved when I refused you. I was but a foolish girl then; misfortune has since, though, taught me to value true worth as I should, so forgive my foolish pride of the past. But hark—the girls are coming."

And sure enough, there they were. The three laughing, romping girls, scampering towards them.

"Look, look! It is Philip—Mr. Lester," shouted Lillian, as she beheld her brother, "testing the spell of Hollowe'en."

"Well," Philip replied, laughing, "you need not be astonished that the fates sent a husband in reality, for I am sure you all came to find one."

And after a satisfactory explanation the joyous party entered the house to spend the rest of the evening in merry dance.

Rich After All.

BY MABOE.

THE belle of the season at Atlantic City this year was Adrienne Vail.

And in the purple light of the setting sun, as she sat there in Major Brabazon's barouche, with the foam-fringes of the sea on one side, and the beautiful yellow sands on the other, she was as beautiful as a dream.

Nor was she unobserved by the stream of gay promenaders along the shore.

"It's a foregone conclusion," said old Doctor Pounce.

"She'll marry Brabazon, of course," said Mrs. Alleyne.

"She'll marry the richest man who presents himself, no matter who he is," observed Captain Dagon spitefully.

"You may depend upon it that Miss Vail has taken everything into consideration," said Mrs. Alleyne, with the quiet malice which one woman often exhibits in speaking of another. "She's the most mercenary creature on the face of the globe."

Mrs. Alleyne had spoken, if vindictively, still truly.

Adrienne Vail, with her angel face and voice of low toned music, was rather inclined to view mankind through the dollar and cent medium.

Her face was her fortune.

She had been educated by a scheming mother.

"You must marry, and you must marry rich," was the precept which she was perpetually dinning in her ears.

"And I suppose," said Mrs. Alleyne, biting her lips, as she saw her own red-haired sandy-complexioned daughter walking without any escort on the beach, "Brabazon's fool enough to believe that she really loves him for himself."

Yes, Brabazon was such a fool.

They were engaged, that is, subject to old Barnabus Brabazon's approval, for Adrienne knew that her young suitor had no patrimony of his own, and she had no mind to risk love in a cottage, even for the sake of handsome Allan Brabazon.

"He stands in a father's place to you, Allan," she said; "and my standard of filial duty is high."

"He cannot help admiring you when he comes," declared Allan Brabazon, who had already written to his uncle on the subject.

Old Barnabus arrived at last.

A yellow-skinned oddly dressed bilious-looking man, with iron-grey hair, rumpled in a crest on the top of his head, and a pair of black eyes that glowed like coals of fire beneath his shaggy penthouses of brows.

"Well," quoth old Barnabus, fixing an inquiring glance on his nephew.

"Uncle," cried the young man enthusiastically, "she's an angel!"

"I'll have a look at her before I make up my mind on the subject," said Uncle Barnabas.

He was taken to call on Miss Vail, and like most other gentlemen he went down at the first sparkle of her beautiful dark eyes.

"By Jupiter, Allan, you're right?" said Uncle Barnabus. "She's the prettiest girl I ever saw in my life."

So the gay season went on.

And as time went by a rumor obtained credence to the effect that Uncle Barnabus Brabazon was ousting his nephew from the affections of the beautiful Miss Vail.

"There!" said Mrs. Vail, her witch-like countenance assuming a radiant expression; "here it is in black and white. An offer of marriage. My dear you'll be the richest woman in the world."

Adrienne in a lovely dishabille of white cashmere and rose-pink ribbons, sat looking at the letter with something of dismay upon her countenance.

"Write and accept him at once," urged Mrs. Vail.

"What, that old man?"

"Old man?" screamed Mrs. Vail. "The richest planter in Louisiana. "Why, child, every diamond that he wears is a fortune in itself."

"But I don't love him," pleaded Adrienne in a low voice. I am engaged to Allan, and I love him, and I will be his wife."

"But, child, don't you see what ruin that will bring upon us!" breathlessly cried Mrs. Vail. "Allan hasn't a penny of his own, and if he offends his uncle——"

"He can work for a living, mamma, like other men."

"Work—work for a living!" snarled the old lady, displaying a set of yellow teeth that would have done credit to a hyena. "And you live in a flat and do up your own laces in the wash-bowl to save the laundress's bill, and turn your own silk dresses, and darn your husband's stockings to lighten the expenses—you, that have the chance to button your gown with diamonds, and live in a palace."

"Mamma," cried Adrienne, "what would life in a palace be worth without the man you love? I won't marry old Mr. Brabazon and I will marry Allan, if I have to live in barracks with him or ride about the world in a baggage-wagon."

And this was the end of Miss Vail's mercenary career.

She wrote a resolute little note to Mr. Brabazon, while her mother indulged in a good old fashioned fit of hysterics.

The note was worded as follow—

"I like you very much, but I loved Allan long before I ever saw you, and I don't think I could be happy with any one but Allan. So, if you please, Mr. Brabazon, I must decline your kind offer. And pray—pray don't be any more angry with me than you can help.

Mr. Brabazon read the little tear-stained note, and folding it grimly up, went across to the hotel where his nephew was then staying.

"Well, lad," said he, "I have offered myself—myself, mind, the richest man in Louisiana—to Adrienne Vail."

"Uncle!"

Allan started to his feet, turning alternately red and pale.

"And she has—refused me."

The young man was deadly white now.

He scarcely knew what he had feared or hoped—he only felt the intense relief of knowing that Adrienne was still true to him.

"My own true love!" he muttered, between his teeth. "My little dark-eyed jewel. If she had played me false, uncle, I believe I should have been tempted to commit suicide."

"Umph, umph!" grunted Uncle Barney. "Love—love! How these young people talk "And what, may I venture to ask do you expect to live on?"

"I can work, Uncle Barney for her sake," said Allan bravely.

"Very well," said Uncle Barney. "Let's go and tell her so."

Adrienne was looking lovelier than ever, with flushed cheeks, eyes glittering with excitement, and rose-red lips.

"How is this young woman?" demanded Uncle Barnabus. "Every one at Atlantic City told me that you were a fortune-hunter. And yet I've offered you a fortune, and you have up and down declined it."

"Because I loved Allan better than all the gold of California," said Adrienne, with drooping eye-lashes.

"Come here, and kiss me, my dear," said Uncle Barnabus. "No, you needn't be afraid, I shall not make love to you any more. I've lived to be sixty years old without marrying, and I wouldn't wed the finest woman alive. If you hadn't refused me I should have run off to the Sandwich Islands to escape matrimony."

Adrienne opened her lovely eyes very wide.

"Then why did you ask me?" said she.

"Simply my dear, to make certain that you loved Allan for himself alone, not because he was the nephew of his rich uncle. And I'm satisfied now."

"I do love him," said Adrienne, with tears in her eyes. "And I love you too, Uncle Barney, only in a different sort of way."

"I'm quite satisfied, my dear," said Uncle Barnabus. "And I shall take it upon myself to see that neither of you perish of want."

So Adrienne Vail married rich after all.

NAMES OF WEAPONS.—The derivation of the names of noted weapons has some interesting points. Cannon is from *canna*, which in the Latin means a tube; musket is from the Spanish *moschete*—evidently referring to the sound of the ball and its wound. Rifle is derived from *rapio* (Latin) or "rip," meaning a ripped or grooved surface. Artillery is derived from art, since it is the highest art of distruction.

Bric-a-Brac.

THE SCAPEGOAT.—Bishop Patrick says, by the high priest putting his hands upon the head of the goat, and confessing the sins of the people over it, (with prayer to God to merit them,) those sins were all charged upon the goat, and the punishment of them transferred from the Israelites to it.

BANSHEE.—In the popular superstitions of the Irish the Banshee is a kind of tutelary female demon, called the wife of the fairies, who is thought to give warning of an approaching death by the wailings and shrieks which she utters. Every chief family of Ireland is said to have its Banshee.

VINEGAR.—In the East was the ordinary refreshment of a slave, or a wretched prisoner, rather than of a prince; and vinegar or sour wine, mixed with water, was the common drink of the Roman soldier. It was made use only by the meanest people, and the food some English soldiers, of when first taken by the Algerines in one of their wars, was generally only five or six spoonfuls of vinegar, half a spoonful of oil, a few olives, a small quantity of black biscuit, and a pint of water a day.

NATURAL CHANGES.—About the age of 38, the lean man usually becomes fatter, and the fat man leaner. Between the years of 43 and 50, his appetite fails, his complexion fades, and his tongue is apt to be furred upon the least exertion of body or mind. At this period his muscles become flabby, his joints weak, his spirits droop, and his sleep is imperfect and unrefreshing. After suffering under these complaints a year, or perhaps two, he starts afresh with renewed vigor, and goes on to 61 or 62, when a similar change takes place, but with aggravated symptoms. When these periods have been successively passed, the gravity of incumbent years is more strongly marked, and he begins to boast of his age.

NAPOLEON AS A WRITER.—Napoleon's letters were not only miserably written, but were, moreover, bedaubed all over with large blotches; for he had a practice of dipping his pen into the ink-holder at every word, and throwing the superfluous liquid on his paper. So much was this the case, that a lady attached to the imperial household, seeing Josephine, as she stood behind her chair, reading letters announced as coming from the emperor, and being short-sighted, relates that, for a long while she conceived the correspondence to consist chiefly of sketches and maps in miniature; and got very heartily laughed at, upon inquiry concerning those supposed specimens in geography and the fine arts.

OLD STAGE MACHINERY.—In the representation of the "Acts of the Apostles," which was given at Bruges in 1536, the scenery and effects were of an exceedingly elaborate kind. That what are now known as "dummies" were employed in the case when martyrdom was inflicted upon the stage we are told in the stage directions. It is difficult, however, to imagine the decapitated head of a martyr making three separate bounds, and fountains of wine, milk, or water springing up at each spot at which it alighted. Such, however, is one of the stage directions. What, moreover, was the arrangement by which, in broad daylight, the face of a martyr was made to shine like a sun? This and other questions remain to perplex the modern mind.

STRANGE MARRIAGE LAWS.—Among certain tribes of the East Indians and Scythians it is reported by modern travellers of repute that companies of a dozen men or so take each a wife; but each man is viewed as the husband of all the twelve women, and each women as the wife of all the twelve men. Among the Arabs there is a still stranger custom. A man and woman who have gone through the ceremony of marriage are regarded as married during three days out of four, but as single during the fourth. It would be incredible that a practice like this could really exist, if the evidence of it were not so indisputable. Often among the Chinese, if any man has a daughter who dies before marriage, and another man has a son dies before marriage, the parents of the two arrange a grand wedding between the dead couple. They draw up a regular contract, and when the contract papers are made out they put them into the fire, in order that the principals in the other world may know the fact and look upon each other as man and wife.

ALPHABETIC CURIOSITIES.—The Protean nature of the vowel sounds is familiar to all. A few amusing examples will show that the consonants are nearly as bad. B makes a road broad, turns the ear to a bear, and Tom into a tomb. C makes lime clime hanged changed, a lover clover, and transports a lover to clover. D turns a bear to beard, a crow to a crowd, and makes anger danger. F turns lower regions to flower regions. G changes a son to a song, and makes one gone. H changes eight into height. K makes now know, and eyed keyed. L transforms a pear into a pearl. N turns a line into linen, a crow to a crown, and makes one gone. P metamorphoses lumber into plumber. Q of itself hath no significances. S turns even to seven, makes hove shove, and word sword, a pear a spear, makes slaughter of laughter, and curiously changes having a hoe to shaving a shoe. T makes a bough bought, turns here there, alters one to tone, changes other to tether, and transforms the phrase "to allow his own" to tallow this town." W does well *e. g.*, hose are whose? are becomes ware, one won, omen women, so sow, vie view; it makes an arm warm, and turns a hat into—what? Y turns fur to fury, a man to many, to to toy, a ruby to a ruby, ours to yours, and a lad to a lady.

DECEMBER AND JUNE.

BY ASTLEY BALDWIN.

It was but the wild waves playing,
It was but the wild winds roar,
It was but a pale maid straying
Alone by the wreck-strewn shore.

It was but a day of December,
That followed a day of June;
But to spirits that can remember,
What a wail in the words, "'Tis done!"

The dream is broken and failed,
The glory departed and flown;
And to hearts once loving as they did,
'Tis death to live on alone!

O see that her lover art hiding,
O wave, with thy dirge-like tune!
There's a fathomless gulf dividing
A day of December and June.

A SHADOWED LOVE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DOCTOR WESTWOOD'S SECRET," "MARJORIE'S TRIALS," "HEARTS AND CORONETS," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.—[CONTINUED.]

A SOFT clinging Indian muslin trimmed with delicate laces, finished with that graceful perfection of French art which to the uninitiated looks like simplicity, satisfied Mrs. Wilmer at last: and she forgot all about her own country dressmaking in the triumphant pride of her chaperonage.

"I never realized before how pleasant it is to take a pretty girl out," she said to her husband. "I dare say Madame de Rongemont liked to have Estelle with her. Poor lady, I can understand how disappointed she must have been when her plans for her failed. No doubt she was doing what she thought best for her."

"'A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind,'" quoth the Vicar, sententiously, apropos of nothing.

Clara colored and dropped the subject.

"Miss Verney has grown up a very lovely girl," Lady Drummond remarked to the Vicar's wife as they waited for the announcement of dinner, looking across to where Sir Wilfrid was eagerly renewing his acquaintance with his old playmate. "She has all her mother's sweetness and a something besides—I don't know what it is—which makes her exceedingly interesting to me."

Was it the kindred touch of sorrow and suffering which breathed through the girl's young beauty, like the minor chords in a brilliant melody, and awoke an answering recognition in the older woman's too-experienced heart?

"It is quite a responsible charge for you," Lady Drummond said to Mrs. Wilmer.

"It is a very dear one," Clara answered warmly.

Then, just as she was debating whether she should tell Lady Drummond as much of Estelle's history for the last two years as could be told without allusion to Tempest Mervyn, the move to the dining-room was made and the conversation broke off.

"She is too pale to-night," thought Clara, glancing uneasily down the long table at her charge.

The white was a mistake after all.

The tinge of color would have been better.

Just then Estelle raised her eyes and the rich carnation flashed into her cheeks like an inspiration.

Clara looked curiously up and down the line of guests to discover the cause, but failed to do so.

Estelle's next neighbor was an elderly squire who was laboriously making conversation whilst the soup was being handed.

There was nothing very exciting in his proximity. Clara felt sure.

Sir Wilfrid's glances followed Mrs. Wilmer's very often, it is true, but Estelle had already borne that ordeal with great equanimity.

Opposite to her were half a dozen gentlemen—all strangers, so far as Clara knew.

Most of them were young men; none of them apparently were insensible to the attraction of a rarely beautiful face on the other side of the meandering rivulet of bright flowers which represented the hospitable board.

But still Clara's curiosity was not satisfied; and she scolded herself and came back to herself and her host's conversation.

"I am a very bad chaperon," she thought. "I must really leave things to arrange themselves. I am making myself ridiculous, watching Estelle as if she were an awkward country debutante of sixteen, instead of a young lady who has 'come out' in Paris and had an offer from a Duke!"

After that, Clara Wilmer kept her eyes sedulously turned away from Estelle's direction and tried to forget her responsibilities and her disquiet.

Sir Wilfrid was making himself very agreeable: she was seated on his left hand, and he soon absorbed all her attention.

He was charming, she concluded, with the old frank manner of his youth unspoiled, and, grafted on to it, the traveled intelligence and courteous breeding he had gained abroad.

The dignity of his new position sobered his youthful eagerness and sat, Clara thought, very gracefully on him.

Altogether, she approved of him; and a little dream of hers gained color and proportion and almost came out of the land of the ideal as she talked to him.

Then out of the hum of conversation which had been growing louder and more demonstrative about her there suddenly dropped a word, a name which struck the Vicar's wife like a blow.

"Tempest Mervyn," somebody said: and Clara Wilmer almost started from her seat at the sound.

She glanced once more—timidly this time—at Estelle.

The girl's eyes were flashing, her cheeks burning.

Sir Wilfrid leaned forward, listening eagerly.

He, like Mrs. Wilmer, had missed the beginning of the conversation which seemed to be exciting general attention at this point.

"Have you seen the evening papers, Colonel?" Estelle's neighbor had asked, speaking across the table to a military-looking man with a short black moustache.

"Yes," answered the other. "I waited in town on purpose just now. The mail is in and the Indian news is not very encouraging. There is a good deal of sickness amongst our men at the front. Fact is, the campaign ought to have been finished before the hot weather set in. The usual delay and bungling at headquarters!" grumbled the old soldier. "A reconnoitering party belonging to the 9th nearly fell into a trap the other day. Nothing seems to teach our fellows wisdom! They walked into it, sir—actually walked into it! Their officer was killed, and they would have been cut off to a man if it hadn't been for the splendid conduct of an officer of the 17th. He had warning of the thing from a friendly native half an hour after the party had started. He got together a handful of men—without even waiting for orders—and rode hard and fast after them. He came up in the nick of time, just as the rascals were upon them, rallied the men and faced round, killed three of the natives with his own hand, and covered the retreat of the party. When they had got out of it, one of the number was missing. It was his own servant, and the man had last been seen in the act of cutting down a fellow who was aiming at his master's head. Our hero rode straight back—into the jaws of death—and, with the black scoundrels swarming round him, picked up the poor fellow—he was badly wounded—and brought him out behind him on his own horse. There wasn't a man lost in the whole affair."

"Bravo! Splendid! Awfully plucky thing! He ought to get the Victoria Cross!" exclaimed the Colonel's audience.

"He's safe to have it," answered the old officer.

"What's his name? Who is he?" asked several voices.

"Don't know," said the Colonel. "There's some muddle with the telegrams. One calls him Murvin, another Tempest. He was with the 17th—a volunteer, I think."

"I have had a private message," said a young gentleman seated next to the Colonel and directly opposite to Estelle, speaking in a clear distinct voice, which sounded slightly aggressive too. "The man is Lieutenant Tempest Mervyn, of ours."

"By Jove!" exclaimed the Colonel, laying down his knife and fork. "The man who—who—— There was that queer story about him, you know, in the spring."

"A country coroner thought he had discovered a mare's nest, and the newspapers gave it tongue, like a pack of hounds in full cry—that was all, sir," said Geordie Armstrong—for it was he—his brown cheeks a little flushed and his honest gray eyes looking with a little stare of defiance round upon the company. "Mr. Mervyn is the best friend I have in the world," he added.

"I congratulate you on your friendships, Armstrong," said the pleasant voice of the young host, breaking a momentary but awkward silence. "If they are always as happy as this one, you are a lucky fellow."

The key-note was sounded, and the revulsion of feeling was instantaneous and enthusiastic.

"'Pon my word, it's an intolerable thing that low-bred beggars of that sort should be permitted to drag a gentleman's name through the mire! It's scandalous!" exclaimed Estelle's Squire hotly, if vaguely. "The scoundrels ought to be prosecuted! I wish I had them up before me!"

"He's a fine fellow, sir!" said the Colonel shortly, turning round to shake hands with Geordie, with an emphasis which expressed "And so are you too."

But Geordie's brain was in a whirl, his big heart bumping tumultuously against his side.

He scarcely heard the Colonel's commendation; he was insensible to the buzz of mingled indignation and admiration about him.

His championship had been rewarded by a glance from the loveliest eyes in the world, eloquent with thanks, misty with tears; and that glance had fallen like a spark upon the combustible material of Lieutenant Armstrong's heart.

The young man's hour had come, and he knew it.

"Where the dickens have I seen her before?" he was asking himself, forgetting to answer the Colonel's questions, heedless of the butler's offers of champagne. "Could I have forgotten? It has been bothering me ever since I sat down. Ah, now I have it!"

The scene on the beach at Wintlesborne flashed into his mind—the red wet shingle, the low-lying rocks, the sunset glow, the softly pulsing water, and the mist-gray figure sitting alone upon the shore.

It was all photographed in an instant upon Lieutenant Geordie's mental retina.

"By George, I am in luck!" Lieutenant Armstrong exclaimed to himself. "Tim is an invaluable ally. The boy must be somewhere in the background. Is he a nephew or a cousin, I wonder? He will be an introduction, at all events."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE thermometer had stood all day at 120° in the shade. It was evening now and the canvas curtains of the ambulance-tent were drawn up all round to catch any merciful breath of cool air which might come to ease the burden of life—grown almost intolerable through the long burning hours of the Indian day—to the gasping sufferers within.

A group of two or three persons was gathered round one of the beds. A badly-wounded man lay upon it in a half-stupor. He had been brought in two or three hours before.

"Do what you can for him," the officer who personally superintended the man's delivery up to the surgeons had said. "He is a brave fellow, and he saved my life just now."

"Not that that is worth much," the young man was heard to mutter to himself as he turned away, reeling in his saddle from fatigue and the exhaustion of his own roughly-stanched wound.

Since then the surgeons had done their best for the man whose cool courage under an agonizing operation had evoked their admiration and stimulated their efforts. Now they stood round him, their work done, and done in vain.

Presently the man roused himself, shaking off the stupor with a resolute effort. He looked from one grave pitying face to another.

"Am I dying?" he asked coolly.

"My poor fellow, I am afraid you are," answered the senior surgeon gently.

"How long will it be?" he asked next, struggling still with the deadly overpowering stupor.

"A few hours," answered the doctor.

"Then there is no time to lose," said the man composedly. "You are sure there's no mistake, sir? I've got to die this time?"

"I am afraid," hesitated the surgeon.

"Don't be afraid," interrupted the man. "I'm not.

"I only want to be certain, that's all. I'm about tired of the whole thing, and I'd liefer die than live.

"But, if I've got to die, there's something I must do first which I shouldn't do if I was going to live, I tell you plainly."

"You cannot live," the surgeon replied. "Are you a Roman Catholic? Do you want the priest?"

"No; I want the Colonel and my master and—and one or two more. And isn't there something you can give me to keep off this wretched sleepiness? I've something to say.

"They must take it down as I say it, and I'll sign it. The sooner the better, for death may come quicker than you think for. I've seen him cheat the doctors before now, and I should be loath to die with what is on my mind—for his sake."

His mind wandered as he concluded, and he lay muttering incoherently to himself.

"A case of conscience," the doctors agreed as they administered a restorative and hastened to summon the witnesses the man had indicated.

They were all gathered quickly—all save one.

"He is not here," said the man, waking up and looking anxiously round, "my master, Lieutenant Mervyn, of the—th. Fetch him. I can't speak till he comes."

"Mr. Mervyn is hurt. He is resting, by the doctor's orders. He is to be kept perfectly quiet.

"I am afraid we can't get him," said the surgeon.

"I'll not keep him long. Fetch him!" repeated the dying man. "If he knew, he'd come, if he couldn't stand, to hear what I've got to tell him. Bring him here, I say!"

There was a peremptoriness in the dying voice which carried all before it. It was curious to see how the presence of the great commander death reversed the relative positions of the actors in this strange drama.

The dying man was the hero of the hour. Military discipline and habitual subservience were forgotten, and the private soldier issued orders which his commanding officers obeyed unhesitatingly.

"Mr. Mervyn is here," the senior surgeon announced presently, as Tempest, supported on the Colonel's arm, walked up to the bed-side and grasped the man's hand.

It was a strangely solemn scene, and none of the witnesses ever forgot it—the wounded man lying on his bed, the waving punkah over his head throwing flickering shadows across his ghastly death-stricken features, the three or four gentlemen standing by, with the earnestness and solemnity of such experiences written on their grave faces, the pale haggard aspect of the young officer, evidently heart-stricken at the condition of his faithful follower.

"Shore me up," said the man peremptorily—"higher! That'll do. Is the paper ready? Another drop of that stuff, doctor. Now, Mr. Mervyn and gentlemen"—in a voice wonderfully strong and firm for his extremity—"I want to tell you all that I am the man who—killed my old master, General Mervyn, nine months ago at Woodford Station."

A sharp incredulous exclamation came from Tempest Mervyn. He stood up suddenly, his face white as death, his hand outstretched towards the man. Then he sank back upon the bed from which he had risen.

"I did it, sir," the man asseverated, fixing his eyes upon his master. "It was me that killed him."

"I don't believe it. He is delirious!" Tempest Mervyn exclaimed to the bystanders.

"He is perfectly composed and sensible," the surgeon asserted, with his hand on the man's pulse.

"Yes," confirmed the man, "I am all right, sir. I know what I am saying. I killed him. I jumped into the carriage just as it was moving on. He looked up and swore at me—it was his way, gentlemen. I stabbed him then and there with my clasp-knife.

"You'll find it in my kit. I've never used it since. Then came the accident. I felt it coming, and jumped down. I was reckless whether I was killed or not; but I suppose I couldn't help having a try for my life when it came to that. Give me something, doctor? I'm going, and I haven't—haven't—signed—yet!"

The surgeon poured a few drops of brandy down his throat.

For a few minutes nothing was heard but the gasping breath of the sufferer as he came slowly back to life and the sough of the rising wind in the branches of a clump of palm trees outside the tent.

"Have you written it down?" asked the man as soon as he had revived sufficiently to speak. "Is it all there?"

"Yes," answered the chaplain.

"Now let me put my hand to it," spoke the soldier.

"Read it over to him first," suggested the Colonel: and the self-accusation was read out to him in brief, terse sentences.

"Yes, it's right," he nodded. "Give me the pen."

It was placed between his fingers, and the attendant guided his hand—there was an almost imperceptible holding back amongst the group of gentlemen.

He gathered up his strength and wrote distinctly enough:

"Edward Vaughn, —th Regiment."

"There," he breathed, as they laid him back on the pillow—"now I've told the truth! It's all square, and nobody'll suffer for what I done. Will you please to sign too, gentlemen, that you heard me say it?"

At this moment all eyes were turned to Mr. Mervyn.

He had opened his mouth more than once to speak, but no sound issued from it.

It was in a dry half-choked voice that the words came at last.

"Why did you do it?" he demanded.

"He had bullied and blackguarded me every day of his life since I went into his service; he was an old wretch!" the man answered, with sudden vehemence. "Only that morning he had called me every name he could lay his tongue to, and all for nothing but his beast of a temper. I heard him bullying away at the railway people: I heard him going on at you, sir; I listened until I was sick of his loud bullying voice. What's the use of living, I says to myself, to a man like that? He's as bad as the tyrants and monsters of old time that they killed when they couldn't stand 'em no longer. He won't live in peace himself, nor he won't let nobody else live. I knew all about you, sir; I knew he wouldn't never let you be happy whilst he could prevent it. His speech that morning rankled, and so did a good many more. It came to me all at once, and I did it. I rid the world of a tyrant. It didn't seem a sin—not then."

The fire which had carried him through this last explanation died out all at once; the grayness of death spread over his sharpened features; he breathed painfully once more.

The doctor again administered restoratives.

The witnesses filed out, one by one, with solemn set faces, stopping as they passed to shake hands with Mervyn.

Then he in his turn rose up and staggered towards the outer air.

The man's reviving eyes followed him wistfully.

"Tell him," he whispered to the surgeon, "I—I did it for his good, though he mightn't think it. I'd have gone through fire and water for him—but the old man, he—he——"

The chaplain bent over him and spoke a few words.

The man's gaze was still bent on the figure of his young master, dimly defined in the opening.

"I would have spoke up at the time if it had gone against him," he said brokenly. "I waited to see; and when he was cleared there was no call for me to tell. Forgiveness? Yes, sir; I'll ask Heaven to forgive me—I have asked before now, but—my my master—if he'd only speak a word to me first, I'd be more ready to ask again. Somehow it—it all looks different now to what it did then. If the time was to come over again—— Ask Mr. Mervyn, for pity's sake, to speak to me, sir!"

Tempest Mervyn had dropped down onto an empty packing-case just outside, and sat there, looking out over the sleeping field of shadowy white tents before him.

He was dizzily trying to realise the deliverance which had come to him, to balance his mind after the great shock it had received.

Vaughan had killed his father—Vaughan, who had saved his own life to-day for the third or fourth time since he had joined the campaign out there—the faithful, devoted follower on whose integrity he would have staked his all only an hour ago!

Vaughan was the murderer!

He repeated this over and over to himself: it was impossible to grasp it.

He was conscious of a great deliverance: but, oddly enough, the strongest impression on his mind was that Vaughan had somehow saved him once more from an urgent, though undefined, danger.

He was neither glad nor sorry.

Horror, surprise, even the intense relief which he might have been supposed to feel, had all faded back into a sort of dim neutral atmosphere, where they floated around him, eluding his languid efforts to grasp them.

His condition was like that of a patient in the first stages of insensibility from chloroform, when the pain which he is dimly conscious ought to be agony is only a dim presence somewhere in the room with him, scarcely aggressive, only mildly tantalizing.

The chaplain touched his arm.

"He is calling for you," he said gently. "He cannot make peace with Heaven until you have forgiven him. He is a dying man," he added earnestly; "his very minutes are numbered. You will not refuse his prayer?"

Tempest rose up and followed him, walking like a man in a dream.

It was only when he met the anxious supplicating gaze of the sunken eyes that he awoke to a comprehension of what was required of him.

At the same moment there flashed over him, in a sudden revealing, standing out clear and distinct to his dimmed mind, the whole history of what this crime of the dying man's had brought upon him.

His ruined life, his lost love, his shattered faith, all rose up and called to him with vengeful voices

And above all these rose, terrible and menacing, the cry of his father's blood.

His soul revolted against the guilty wretch whose hand had struck down, all unprepared and unsuspecting, an old man, and that man his father, it was true, but still his own flesh and blood!

All this was written on his face as he turned away once more from the bedside.

The dying man clutched eagerly at his arm to hold him.

"Mr. Mervyn, sir," he gasped, "I've sinned; but I've served you faithful, sir! I never meant to harm you. Say you forgive me! I—can't—die—without that word—from—you! I can't!"

At this appeal Tempest forced himself by a supreme effort to look once more upon the once-trusted familiar face. All the life left in the man was concentrated in the terrible eager eyes; the livid sharpened features seemed to be dead already, carved in the cold stone effigy of death. Only the eyes burned with a passionate yearning love and entreaty, which kept the dread enemy himself at bay until they should be satisfied.

A spark from that fire dropped straight into Tempest Mervyn's heart and kindled a divine pity and forgiveness where only anger and horror had been a moment before.

He remembered then how Vaughan had thrown himself on the knife which had been meant for himself, how he was dying now for him, how he had watched over him with a devotion as rare as it was complete.

"I forgive you, Vaughan, as freely as I hope to be forgiven," he said solemnly, clasping the pale hand which still held his arm.

A flush of intense joy lighted up the man's whole features; he half raised himself from his pillow.

"Heaven bless you!" he gasped; and almost before the last word had passed his lips he had fallen back and was gone to a higher judgment-seat.

"Poor creature!" said the chaplain, as he supported Mr. Mervyn back to his own quarters.

"His is an extraordinary instance of one great startling crime dropped, like a blot, on a career of singular devotion. Had you ever any suspicion of the truth?"

"Good Heaven, no!" replied Tempest. "Vaughan was the best servant he ever had, my father used to say. He! I cannot understand now. It makes my brain reel," he added, passing his hand across his eyes. "I used to admire the way in which he bore my father's outbreaks. He never seemed in the least ruffled, no matter how hard the General was on him—and he was very hard sometimes. Vaughan was always imperturbable, respectful, and attentive. My father left him a legacy; he valued Vaughan as he had never valued a servant before; and I should have said that Vaughan, in spite of every provocation, was attached to him in return."

"It is extraordinary!" the clergyman repeated. "If he had been Irish now——"

"His mother was an Irishwoman," Tempest interposed; "I have heard him declare that he had caught a few of her Irish sayings."

"It must have been a sudden uncontrollable impulse, the Irish blood in him asserting itself all at once," the chaplain mused. "And he made his devotion to you a sort of atonement for the crime. I think that his period of service expired some time ago, and that he reenlisted in order to come out with you; did he not?"

"Yes," said Mervyn.

Neither of them spoke for a few minutes.

"Thou knowest—Thou knowest!" the chaplain repeated then, rousing himself. "We can only write these words against his memory—the words which the French actress with a past almost as despairing as this poor creature's caused to be inscribed over her tomb. He has carried his sin to a more merciful and more comprehending judgment than ours. We must leave it and him amongst the earthly mysteries which shall be solved some day. But you must rest now. I fear all this has been too much for you. I will look in again, if you will allow me, by-and-by. There are steps to be taken. But I will not trouble you now. Good-night."

The next time the chaplain visited the young officer's tent it was to find him raving in the delirium of fever, calling loudly for Vaughan, and accusing the brother-officer, who, being himself on the sick-list, had undertaken the charge of having murdered his father!

CHAPTER XIX.

"THE vanity of earthly wishes!" exclaimed the Vicar of Hawarden, not moralizingly, but mischievously, as he stirred his study fire into a ruddier blaze and cast amused glances at his wife's fair puckered forehead and generally bothered expression. "A few weeks ago you were devoutly invoking some one else; and, now that some one else has actually turned up, you don't appear to be satisfied."

Mrs. Wilmer made no reply.

She was too much engaged in watching the slow progress of a young lady and gentleman who, heedless of the bleak December weather, were loitering across the damp lawn and amongst the shrubs on their way from the gate to the Vicarage porch.

"As if it were July instead of midwinter!" exclaimed Clara impatiently. "In an east wind too! And Estelle has a sore throat already!"

"Sore throat—east wind!" exclaimed the Vicar. "My dear, did these trifles count when you and I were young?"

"He is coming in," cried Clara—"actually coming in—and we dine at six to-night because of the penny readings!"

"It is only half-past four now," said the provoking Vicar, looking at his watch. "Go and make him a cup of tea, to keep the cold out."

"I won't!" cried Clara. "The last time I gave him tea he stayed until the dinner was on the table."

"Indiscreet," said John; "but it is their turn now. It was ours once, remember. You can afford to be indulgent, wife; you have brought it on yourself."

"Not this!" contradicted Clara quickly.

"Oh, oh!" cried the Vicar, "It is the wrong some one else then. Has Master Puck been playing his tricks again dropping the love-juice at haphazard? What a wicked little imp! Hard upon you, dear"—sympathetically.

"I don't know what you mean," said Clara, with an admirable pretence of unconsciousness.

"Don't you?" returned the Vicar. "Well, it is a long time perhaps since we read Shakespeare together sitting on one cushion like a double cherry; yet you can hardly have forgotten it all. And, for your new edition of the *Mid-summer Night's Dream*, be thankful that things are no worse. When imps are concerned, you know, your Titania might have opened her eyes on a more objectionable Bottom. For my part, I rather like the young fellow.

"He is frank, pleasant-tempered, and a gentleman, and Sir Wilfred says he is all right; he is heir to a good estate, his people are unexceptionable. He's a good-looking fellow too.

"I don't see any objection to him myself, and apparently Estelle does not. If I were you, I wouldn't spoil a good chance—seriously, I wouldn't."

"His nose isn't straight," said Clara, as spitefully as she knew how.

"Isn't it?" returned John. "Perhaps not; but I dare say he won't make a worse husband for that."

"I don't want him for a husband," said Clara impatiently.

"No, I hope not," rejoined John drily, "being already provided with the article."

"I mean for Estelle," corrected Clara.

"You must take the goods the gods provide;" replied her husband. "Now go and give him some tea, and send me in some too, if you please."

"I suppose I must," grumbled Clara, opening the drawing-room door just as Geordie was saying—

"Yes, I was astonished; and I never was so glad about anything in my life; he and I were such chums, you see."

Estelle was looking up at him, with such a glow on her cheeks as Clara had not seen there for many a day. Evidently the east wind agreed with her.

"How do you do, Mrs. Wilmer?" said Geordie, hastening to meet her. "I met Miss Verney just now on the Southwinton Road. Delightful day for walking."

"Is it?" said Clara sententiously. Then she relaxed a little and smiled. "Are you an advocate for the east wind, Mr. Armstrong, like poor Charles Kingsley? If so, you must beware. It killed him, you know in return for his championship."

"Ungrateful" said Geordie. "Reminds me of a fellow of ours who had a young tiger-cub for a plaything. One day the creature used its claws and killed him."

"Did he really? How dreadful!" exclaimed Clara earnestly. "I hope he was not a married man."

"No," answered Geordie—"his life was not valuable, Mrs. Wilmer. It is a comfort to us bachelors to reflect that, when we do go off the books, it doesn't matter particularly. It reconciles us in a great measure to our condition."

"I should have thought it would have had the opposite effect," said the lady.

"Ah, we are an unselfish race!" answered Geordie, sighing and shaking what Feena called his Apollo-like curls.

Then the tea came in—tea and buttered toast, which was a speciality of the Rectory afternoon teas, temptingly piled up in a covered muffin-dish set over a basin of hot water.

Clara warmed to the occasion, stirred up the fire, drew her tea-table on to the hearth-rug, and dispensed the cheering cup with all her accustomed hospitality, pouring in her cream with as unstinting a hand as if her guest had been the "some one else" her heart was set upon.

Geordie drew up his chair at her invitation and was quite content with his quarters. It was a very cosy picture in that Rectory drawing-room.

Outside, the chill, darkening twilight spread over the wintry lawn where the snow lay in cold paths amongst the evergreens, and the wind wailed and moaned through a clump of pine-trees which sheltered the house from the east.

Within, in a radius of warmth and light, around the bright wood-fire, was gathered the little circle, Clara Wilmer at her tea-table, Estelle in the corner of the couch, still in her close-fitting walking-costume of dark blue-cloth, with the circlet of soft grey fur clasping her little throat—the most captivating "get-up," Geordie decided, which he had ever seen in his life—and Geordie, not beside, but opposite to his divinity, the best point of observation from which to study all the details of the picture which was making such havoc of his peace.

She had taken off her little fur-bordered hat and laid it in her lap, showing how the soft abundant brown hair nestled lovingly in clustering rings behind the little ears and around the fair pure brow.

She was very lovely to-night—more lovely, Geordie thought, than he had ever seen her.

The quiet home-figure had a special charm for his present state of mind.

Geordie was glad of the firelight shadows which enabled him to gaze his fill without indiscretion, safe from the judicial scrutiny of Mrs. Wilmer's detective eyes.

The keen frosty air, or the warmth, or something, had given Estelle an exquisite bloom and enhanced the freshness of her sweet English complexion.

Where another girl would have grown coarse and reddened in the rough wintry atmosphere, Geordie thought admiringly, she had gained only a brilliance and a delicacy infinitely charming.

For some reason there was spread over her beauty a radiance, a kind of exultation, which Geordie was too humble to connect with himself, yet which had the effect of encouragement upon him nevertheless.

Clara Wilmer saw it too, and half repented of her amenities. But it was too late. The ineligible had made good his entrance within the charmed circle, he had helped himself to buttered toast, he had eaten of the Hawarden salt; there was no withdrawing now, as Clara recognized.

"Upon my word, you are very comfortable here!" said the Vicar, bringing in his cup to be replenished, and glancing, as he passed the window, at the shivering prospect without. Then he too drew up his chair to the hearth and left his Sunday's sermon to the next day.

It was not to be expected that a man—and one in love too—would be in any hurry to break up such a delightful party and to face the nipping solitude of the Southwinton Road.

It was not until the dinner-bell clanged in the hall that the young officer jumped up with an apology for lingering so late.

"Won't you stay and dine with us?" said the Vicar, with a little marital defiance in his carefully-averted eyes. "Oh, never mind!"—as Geordie looked down hesitatingly on his morning-coat. "We don't dress to-night, as we are bound presently to assist at a village entertainment—our penny readings."

"Can I be of any use?" asked Geordie, with scarcely concealed eagerness.

"Well, yes; we shall be very glad," answered the Vicar, mischievously conscious of his wife's disapproving frown.

"My own share in the programme is rather heavy, and I shall be glad of help. Will you read 'The Charge of the Six Hundred?' It is in your line."

"Yes," answered Geordie dauntlessly. He would have faced the charge itself for the sake of the blissful two hours it secured him.

"Do you sing? Let me see—I think you do," went on the Vicar, altering his programme. "Will you take the second in 'Come where my love lies dreaming?' Miss Verney takes first," added provoking John casually.

"Hadn't I better just try it over first," suggested Geordie, "if Miss Verney will not mind?"

"Yes; let us get dinner over first; there will be a quarter of an hour to spare," assented the Vicar, amusedly conscious of Clara's dismay, and careful not to meet the martial eye.

"You—you horrid match-maker!" she exclaimed savagely, catching him in the hall on her way to the nursery whilst the rehearsal was going on.

"Don't call bad names," answered John. "Curses, like chickens, go home to roost, remember."

The Vicar had taken matters into his own hands, and when he did that, his wife knew by experience that he generally carried them through.

Clara kissed her nestled little one all round and ran back to the drawing room as quickly as she could.

The Vicar was in his study and Geordie was cloaking Estelle. He looked hatefully happy, and there was still that radiant something in Estelle's face which Clara had never seen there before and which was alarmingly suggestive to her mind.

It was a dark night. Only a narrow path from the Rectory to the school house had been swept clear of snow. It was very slippery withal, and the Vicar tucked his wife under his arm and led the way, lantern in hand, there being no metropolitan gas in that primitive Arcadia. Geordie found himself left to guide Estelle's footsteps, and in these most adventitious circumstances he was ecstatic. Mrs. Wilmer was angry.

"Fidelity indeed!" she exclaimed scornfully, as she clung to her husband's arm along the precarious path, "I wonder if there is such a thing left in the world?"

"'Men have died and worms have eaten them, but not for love,'" quoted her husband sententiously.

"But Estelle! I need not have been anxious, it seems," said Clara, with a toss of her head and a backward glance at the other lantern, diminished to a glow-worm light in the distance.

"No, *'Le roi est mort—vive le roi!'* History only repeats itself," said the Vicar, who was in high spirits.

"Let us wait for them!" exclaimed Clara impatiently, standing still at the gate.

"No, let us go on," replied her husband. "Do as you would have been done by, my dear."

The laggard pair came up presently, but not until Mr. and Mrs. Wilmer had reached the school porch. Clara was cold and distant, but Estelle seemed quite unconscious of any change in her friend, which was provoking, and even a little ridiculous, as Clara began to feel at last. When a person will not see that he or she is snubbed, the weapon is apt to recoil on the snubber.

"She had disappointed me dreadfully," Mrs. Wilmer said to her husband, when what the local newspapers called "a most successful and enjoyable evening" was ended. "I did not think she would forget so soon."

"You have puzzled me dreadfully!" retorted the Vicar. "I thought that was what you wanted—that she should forget."

"Men never understand," answered Clara growing red in the face.

"Women are incomprehensible," simply propounded John in return.

This conversation took place in the Vicar's study, where he was smoking a last pipe before retiring for the night, after Clara and he had counted up the evening's receipts and settled accounts together.

"Hallo!" exclaimed the Vicar suddenly. "The plot thickens! Listen to this!"

He had opened the day's newspaper, delayed by a snow-storm on the line, and brought in only too late to receive attention before the business of the evening was finished.

"The Woodford Mystery—Confession of the Murderer!" read Mr. Wilmer.

"The murderer!" echoed Clara breathlessly, looking over his shoulder.

"Yes, the murderer! Extraordinary—remarkable!" commented John, as he read. "The General's own servant! Well," as he dropped the newspaper upon his knee, and turned to look into his wife's face "this complicates matters—for you!"

"Don't laugh!" cried Clara, absolutely trembling. "Oh, John, if it should come too late!"

"Yes," said the Vicar, "that would be awkward. Another *Enoch Arden* sort of story! *'Calypso se console,'* as Thackeray says. And, if Calypso can be consoled, why, there is very little to be said about it! It is rather hard on the poor fellow out there, of course; but Ulysses may have consoled himself also—there is always that possibility you know. The worst of it is that, if things do not go in this amicable way, you and I may blame ourselves for a good deal."

"How could we tell?" remonstrated Clara.

"Exactly. How could any one tell? The case seemed clear enough. Now that we can be wise after the event however, it seems to me that we quite forgot to give the man common English justice—the benefit of the doubt."

"I will go to Estelle," said Clara, rising. "Give me the paper. I wonder how she will bear it?"

"Don't disturb her now," suggested the Vicar; "it is late"—looking at his watch. "She is dreaming by this time. Let her dream until the morning."

But as Clara passed Estelle's door, a hand stole out and drew her in.

"I cannot sleep until I have told you," said a voice tremulous with happiness. "At first I thought I would keep it all to myself until—until you had found it out; but I cannot wait any longer."

"Then it is too late!" thought Clara, with a sinking heart. "And, as John says, it is our fault."

"I thought you should come to me and tell me first," went on Estelle, "because I knew—I felt that you had been against him."

"I," faltered Clara—"I?"

What was she to say? All her traditions of faith and fidelity were rudely assailed; her idyl of a broken-hearted maiden letting disappointment, "like a worm in the bud, feed on her damask cheek" was only a fiction; her fine china proved but common clay.

Mrs. Wilmer was positively bewildered with these sudden changes and no doubt as to where her sympathies were really due and what was true and real in the whole complication.

There stood Estelle, beaming triumphantly, waiting to be congratulated, no doubt. And how could her mother's friend congratulate her?

"All the world will know now what I have always known," said Estelle, lifting her head proudly. "I was sure the day would come."

Was that it? A great load rolled off Clara Wilmer's heart. Estelle was true then, after all! She forgot all about certain little plans and schemes of her own as she threw her arms round the girl, parting the rippling screen of chestnut hair which half veiled it to look into her face.

"I know—I know; we have just read it, John and I. And I am so glad—so thankful!" sobbed Clara.

Then the two women embraced again and cried and laughed together after the usage of the sex under excitement.

"My darling, he is a hero; he is splendid! I am so glad that you will be happy at last!" whispered Clara, as she bade Estelle good night.

She did not see how at that moment the glad light faded out of the face which had been so radiant a moment before. Estelle

fastened the door behind her and sunk down upon her knees by the bed, hiding her face in the white coverlet.

She had been so glad, so triumphant. It had been such a deep joy to know that he was vindicated, that he stood before the world spotless.

She had had no thought but for him in that first exultation.

Now it struck her like a blow that she had no part in this glad triumph of his; she could only stand apart whilst another was nearer to him in all which would once have been hers.

As she knelt there she tried to tell herself that she was satisfied now that the dark cloud had rolled away from his life—that she asked nothing more than to know that it was clear before him, that he was happy. But her woman's heart cried out in its loneliness and demanded something for itself—poor little human heart, that had struggled and suffered and loved so long, and had set itself a task so high that it could only fall back now piteously abashed at its own weakness!

The brief glow of triumph had faded out, and, oh, how cold and blank it all was again! She was not a heroine, only a loving woman who loved still when her pride and her duty ought to have taught her to love no longer.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Dead Ned.

BY ROBERT CHAMBERS.

FIFTY years ago, the laws were not so thoroughly enforced as they are now upon the wild ranges of England called the Yorkshire Wolds.

I farmed there when I was a young man, one hundred and sixty acres of land.

I had occupied the farm about two years, renting at the same time a house in the nearest village, two miles away, for my wife and two children.

Returning home rather later than usual one Saturday night from our market-town, a distance of twelve miles, I was told by the man who came out to take my horse, that an accident had happened up at the farm that afternoon.

"What is the matter, David?" I asked.

"Roger has run a fork into his foot," was the answer.

Roger was one of the horses. It appeared, on further questioning, that one of the large steel forks, used for staking in harvest-time had been carelessly laid upon the stable-floor, and Roger, a farm-horse, had run its prongs into his foot. The man thought that it was a serious wound.

"What have you done to it?" was my next question.

"Sent off for Coats." Coats was the veterinary surgeon for the district.

"Has he come?"

"No, sir; he had gone to Melby."

Melby, I knew, was eighteen miles across country from Coats' home; and after that journey, he would not feel inclined, at eleven o'clock on a cold winter night, to start again for another sixteen miles.

Turning my horse's head, I told David to go to bed, and I would ride up to the barn.

"Shall I sit up for your horse?" he asked, yawning, tired from a long day's exposure to cold and storm.

"No; no one need wait for me;" and I started off.

Fifteen minutes brought me to the stable-door; but I paused to let my heated mare drink from the pond close by, and as I stood I caught a murmur of human voices within the stable.

Surprised, as not a man lived at the standing, I tried the door.

It was fastened from the outside. I knocked, still holding my horse by her bridle, the thought coming across my mind that Coats must have come straight here, without waiting for any one to assist him. There was no answer to my first summons; so I knocked and called again more loudly.

"What d'ye want?" demanded a gruff voice from the inside.

"Want? I want in, to be sure. What are you doing there, I should like to know? Open the door at once!"

"Likely!" was grunted back again, "when we are just warm and settled after a nasty, cold tramp."

Now I knew who my uninvited guests were.

It is not every one who knows, or knew, of the existence of a class of mendicants, familiarly termed amongst us "Wold Rangers," a pest to the farmers, and a great dread to the inhabitants of outlying farms. They were constant pilferers; and rarely would work, though often applying for it. None of them was above poaching; and most of them had been in prison some time or another.

A few professed to be hawkers of some sort; but the majority begged from door to door.

We had no policeman nearer than ten miles, and his face was almost as strange as the Shah's in our district. These lawless wanderers rarely travelled alone, but were generally accompanied by a numerous following of women and children, a horse and cart or two, often a donkey, and two or three dogs.

My visitors were in no particular hurry to comply with my reiterated demand for admittance, and their loud oaths were most irritating to hear from the outside.

Again I vigorously pommelled the door with an ash sapling that I carried in my hand, and loudly stormed at their obstinacy.

It was no use, a growl was all the reply I got.

As determined to be inside as they were to keep out, I went back a few paces, then dashed open the door with my foot.

The moonlight just shone in with sufficient light to enable me to see what a strange lot of bedfellows were grouped together among the straw; and the loose horse-box was at the end of the stable, right through the thick of them.

I ordered them one and all to "turn out." A man who went by the nickname of "Dead Ned," lifted his fierce, shaggy face, and dared me, in strong language, to attempt to disturb them.

"But my horse," I reasoned—"I must see to him."

But reason was drowned in the opposition of a dozen hoarse voices.

I was young then, and reckless of danger; more so than I am now on the wrong side of sixty. Incensed, I drew back from the open door, slipped the bridle over my thoroughbred's neck, and struck her sharply across the flanks with the ash sapling. It was the work of an instant.

She bounded into the stable-door; and no sooner were her hoofs heard on the threshold, than every creature inside leaped up, the startled men, women, and children rushing out pell-mell.

I lost no time in striking a light after their quick exit, to see after the wounded animal, leaving the one I had ridden to follow her own devices, which she did by going outside again. The foot was in a serious state, and evidently painful.

"Coats will never come to-night," I thought, "and something must be done;" and to foment the swollen foot was the only thing that I could think of.

I went outside again, allowing the disturbed women and children to return to their straw; but requesting Dead Ned and some of the others to help me to heat some water. We drove three thick stakes into the bank, close beside the pond, and soon had a blazing fire.

When the water was hot enough for our purpose, we carried it into the stable, and fomented the wounded foot. The process eased the pain; and after half-an-hour's fomentation, I wrapped it up in cloths saturated with some healing oils which were kept in the stable.

One of the men held the flickering candle stuck on the top of the lantern; whilst other eight or ten more were grouped around, watching the proceedings, and giving occasional assistance.

As I was bandaging the foot, I caught a motion or sign, not intended for me to see. It was a signal from Dead Ned—who, I perceived to my horror, held in his hand the heavy iron lever that we had used to hammer the stakes into the ground—to another of his fraternity.

Like a flash it came over me, how could I have been so reckless, so foolhardy, as to trust myself alone, and unarmed amongst this ruffianly crew?

I grew hot and cold by turns as I remembered that I carried in my breast-pocket over eight hundred dollars.

It was a large sum, you think, for a farmer to have about him; but you see it was not my own.

That year I held the office of Income-tax Collector; and I had taken the money with me to market to pay to the government commissioners.

I had made a mistake in the hour appointed, and was too late, for they had finished and were gone; consequently, I brought the money back, intending to forward it on Monday.

The occurrence had passed out of mind before reaching home; then David's news completely put everything else out of my head, until I caught that gleam of evil in Dead Ned's eye.

It was not so much the physical harm I feared, as the idea that they would not be content with stunning or murdering me, but would rob the senseless body; and what would become of wife and children, if my goods and chattels were sold to repay the lost government taxes?

Why, they would be turned out into the wild world homeless and unprotected. The bare thought made me tremble.

I must not let them suspect that I had seen their signals. Oh! the agony of that moment.

Making one venture for home, wife, and children, as well as life, I carelessly dropped the horse's foot, telling them, in a loud voice, to keep the candle still until I fetched some more string; and walked out of the stable as deliberately as I possibly could. Once out, I looked for the bay mare that had carried me up.

She was leisurely nibbling some short grass a few yards from the door. "Joss, Joss, good lass!" I cried, softly and very gently approaching her, as I knew that if she bolted, it was good-bye to life for me.

Fortunately, she allowed me to catch her, and not a moment too soon, for my unwelcome visitors had followed me, and a glance at their low, villainous faces, as I dashed off, proved that they were full of rage at being thus baffled.

The village church clock struck one as I entered my home in safety.

I paid a second visit next morning at four to the wounded animal, but having my pocket-book at home this time, and going neither alone nor unarmed. The birds, however, had flown.

If the ashes of the the stick-fire, and the bandages on the wounded horse, had not borne me witness, I should have been inclined to fancy that last night's narrow escape was nothing more than a disturbing dream, as bad attack of nightmare; but these evidence were there, and it had been real.

Two years afterwards, I saw, in our weekly paper, that Dead Ned and two of his companions had been transported for manslaughter in a midnight scuffle.

WOMEN suicide mostly on Sunday.

Waiting.

BY LINDA PERCIVAL.

SNOW is on the mountains, and lying knee-deep in the glen, and still with aerial fingers it comes tapping on my window-pane this Christmas Eve, as we sit expecting Ernest.

But, as hour after hour passes by and brings no Ernest, the yearning gaze deepens in soul-lit eyes of Ethel lying at my feet and her hands, too earnest now for play, are tightly clasped together.

"I know you will laugh at me, auntie; but I am so nervous—yes, actually nervous, new as the sensation is. How I wish Ernest would come! This waiting is dreadful."

Not to be overcome by shadows, I affect composure if I have it not.

"Ethel nervous—that's a new idea indeed! A broken-down engine, a block of snow on the line, causing a delay of a few hours—that is all.

"Little one, never fear, your sailor-boy cannot be very long now.

"But, if he should, my Ethel"—and, in spite of me, a sad intonation runs through my voice—"has it ever occurred to you how much of our life is taken up with waiting. Such has been my experience nearly all my life."

"I have often wondered about your life, auntie—you cannot think how much. Why have you never married, such a charming, lovable woman as you are? Don't you think, now, you might tell little me just a bit?"

And, nestling closer to me, while the firelight, glows upon her face and turns to rippling gold the glory of her hair, she wiles me into the maze of my past life's haunting memories.

"Until I was your age, Ethel, the days, as I recollect them, were a linked chain of brightness.

"But about that time a change came over our prospects and, worse still, my father's temperament.

"He chafed and grew irritable at the inevitable consequences of our narrow income.

"And, though I doubt if ever fully sounded the depths of my mother's richly-cultivated intellect he adored her for her beauty, and seemed to derive from it an added sting to the degradation of our fallen fortunes.

"Gradually our mother's health declined. I saw her fading day by day, and knew that the deepest grief that human heart can feel must soon be mine.

"But still I would not recognize it, shutting my eyes to the fatal truth forever. The end came soon; the storms were passed, the night was at an end—behold her Sabbath morning.

"And for me dark days grew darker still. Writs were plentiful and money scarce. My father, moody and despondent, sat shivering by the scanty embers in the grate, weighed down by heaviness of spirit, waiting for the death that should enrich him. Then came a time when everything was sold, and our home narrowed to a poor lodging in a squalid street.

"But my pupils had by this time increased and the first thing I did was to send May to school, her to conspicuous beauty showing in the dingy neighborhood like a snowy dove trooping with crows.

"Sitting alone one winter evening, thinking and striving hard to put away the thought that in all this world there could be no girl more desolate than I, a friend, or an acquaintance rather, of my father's entered with a message from him. Money was at once needed, and money I must get.

"I trudged forth in the snow—it was just such a night as this—to the address given me, and inquired for Mr. Ebworth. He was engaged, and I waited. Presently he came in, and, taking a chair near me, dazzled me with the light in his wondrous eyes—how like to yours, Ethel!—as he said, cheerily—

"'Now then, tell me all about it.'

"The bitterness of my errand soon lost its sting, almost changed to sweetness; and ere half-an-hour had passed I rose to leave, my mission accomplished, my father saved.

"A few days later Mr. Ebworth called, ostensibly on business; but what need is there to tell the old, old story? He came and came again, brightening all my life. But though my love for him was inexhaustible as the spring that feeds a mountain lake, I was not altogether blind to the fact that he wanted stability of purpose, a firmer rectitude of principle, and that, aware of this deficiency, he looked to me to remedy it. This was reversing positions, and threatening the rift within the lute that sooner or later was bound to bring forth discord."

"Yes, I think so, auntie. I'm very glad you didn't have him. He wasn't nice at all."

"He is an angel, Ethel!"

"I feel very much as if I hated him, I know."

"You love him very dearly."

"I! Do I know him? It can't be Ernest. Bah! How absurd—he must have been a baby!"

"But is there no one else you love beside this renegade young gentleman, whom we shall not now see till morning?"

"No one but papa."

And, while the word is on her lips, her lover lives in her heart, and she thinks of all the long drear night ere her eyes shall behold him.

"Well, May was sent for the wedding. There had been some kind of arrangement made, and things looked brighter.

"We had moved into a pretty house, small but a wonderful improvement on the old lodgings, with a garden front and back. May came, and, in the evening, as usual, Campbell Ebworth."

"Papa!"

"Yes; and as if it were but yesterday do I remember the startled look of admiration with which he first beheld my sister. Cannot you guess the rest, Ethel?

"His growing constraint, resisted but too apparent—May's interest deepening at each succeeding visit, her kindling blushes when they met.

"At last, as forgetful almost of them as they of me, I one night opened the piano, and poured out my soul in 'Susan's Story.'"

"But Mabel came among us, and her face was fair to see;
What wonder was it, mother, that he thought no more of me?"

When I had finished, I found that he had rushed from the room, and May lay sobbing on the sofa.

"Comforting her as best I could, I went into the garden in search of him, and on the rustic bench where we had spent so many happy hours I found him, his head bowed low upon his hands, enduring, I fully believe, the keenest anguish his life had ever known.

"Fortifying myself for the task, with pardoning hand upon his shoulder I endeavored to convince him that it was all a mistake—a mistake on my part as well as his—and that he must marry May.

"Just before they were married my father died, and in less than a week after the funeral a lawyer's letter was put into my hand, announcing that I was possessor of the fortunes the waiting for which had ruined all his life.

"And then, in spite of wealth greater than ever I imagined would fall to my share, began

"'The second life
That wearied hearts must live'"

—which lasted till you came, little one."

My hand keeps dallying with her golden curls—while I have her with me life holds some brightness still.

But hark! Starting to her feet, agony excruciating on every feature, she cries, with gasping sobs—

"He's killed—he's killed! Oh, my darling!"

Throwing open the door, the sad conviction that it is so forces itself upon my mind, and the confused movement of many feet, their heavy tread as if bearing a burthen, hushed whisperings, pausing to listen to the doctor's entreaties, all tell the heart-rending tale of a railway accident.

And as the mournful procession enters the hall where he was wont to herald in life's brightest phases, the conviction forces itself upon me that, just as twenty years ago, I had, with my own hand, to thrust aside the cup of love and happiness and bear my cross in life alone, so now is my darling Ethel—his Ethel—called upon to sacrifice her brightest hours and bear as best she may, a grief that will last her life.

Like one in a dream I listen to the doctor's low-voiced sympathy—listen in vain for the slenderest thread of hope. In a few hours at most Ernest's spirit will have flown from its crushed and bleeding tenement.

Stillness in the room—Ethel kneeling beside him, and, in spite of her terrible despair, whispering words of love and tenderness, leading, by the pathway of prayer, his fainting soul to heaven.

* * * * * *

Very fair Ethel looks, kneeling by her sailor-lover's tomb.

Golden curls are straying not about her pale young face, but, rolled in massive coils, conceal their beauty beneath the heavy crape—a suffering Beatrice, a sorrowful Madonna, but never again the joyous, happy child of scarce a month ago.

Rising from the grave where her daily offering of fresh flowers is made, she clasps both my hands, and says, earnest purpose visible in every quivering feature—

"Teach me your life's long lesson, auntie, to 'suffer, and still be strong.'"

A LION SCARED INTO HIS WITS.—Childlike simplicity and demonstrative piety are still characteristics of the Russian moujik, despite all the efforts of Nihilist propagandists to convert him into a cynical unbeliever. According to a Moscow paper, a sensational drama has recently been performed in the chief theatre of the ancient Muscovite capital, the crowing "situation" of the piece being a combat in a rocky pass between a lion and an Arab chief. The lion scrambles up a steep ascent and is about to spring from its summit upon his foe when the man brings him down with a well-aimed shot. The part of the lion had been sustained most successfully by a trained gymnast until about a fortnight ago, when the artist suddenly fell ill, and the management was compelled to intrust his role to an active super, who undertook it at a few hours' notice. When the time arrived for his debut he bounded on the stage with admirable vigor, and scuttled up the "practicable" cliff in irreproachable style. But when the Arab chief discharged his musket the lion, utterly thrown off his guard by the report, stood erect on his hinder paws, crossed himself devoutly, and exclaiming "Heaven help us!" hurriedly descended the cliff tail foremost, amid the jubilant shouts of the audience.

A BOSTON artist discovered an ancient, moss-grown, vine-clad stone mill in Maine, and sat down to sketch it, much to his own delight, as well as that of the owner. When night fell, he had his sketch half done, and the next morning he returned to finish it. Meantime the owner had "tidied up" the place by grubbing up the vines, scrapping off the moss an giving the stones a fine coat of whitewash.

CHANCE.

BY OWEN MEREDITH.

The loose of the life to be
We weave with colors all our own,
And in the fields of destiny
We reap as we have sown.

We do not what we ought,
What we ought not, we do,
And lean upon the thought
That chance will bring us through.

The False Friend.

BY R. J. DE CORDOVA.

NINA ELHINGHAM had never throughout her young life, and she was nineteen years of age, known sorrow or grief. Bred up with tenderness by an indulgent parent, her time had ever passed calmly and happily, as the course of a sparkling streamlet in the sunshine of perpetual Spring would seem to do.

She had never experienced sorrow, for she had nothing to regret; nor uneasiness—yes she had though, for herself betrothment did sometimes make her feel rather sad; and wonder, for it was a strange kind of proceeding and highly improper.

Not that it was not a good thing to marry or rather to promise to marry herself to Charles Rightford, Charles being a very good, honorable young man, and moreover, handsome, and well to do in the world. He was considered a very eligible husband by a great many persons; but was uneasy at her betrothal because she had never seen her betrothed. There she was, positively engaged to him and expecting to marry him next May a year, and had never yet seen him, (since they were both infants at least,) or talked to him, or judged of his character, except by means of the very pretty and loving letters which Charles used to write to her from India.

The two young people had been betrothed in a very singular manner. Nina's father, who had been a merchant in Florida before the war, had contracted a strong friendship for his partner, old John Rightford, a man with a wooden-leg, but one of the best-hearted fellows that ever lived, notwithstanding this ligneous inconvenience. And so, when Mr. Elhingham was dying, he made John promise (and John was glad enough of it, mind you,) that he would use all his influence to bring about a marriage between his son, then two years of age, and Nina, then an infant in his arms. Old John and his son settled in India soon after his partner's death.

Nina's mother, who regarded this last wish of her husband as a sacred inheritance, did all in her power when Nina grew up, which she did in Philadelphia, to carry out the project, and old John, to the hour of his death, always urged the step on his only son. The mutual pledges were given, and Charles (named after his grandfather) in India and Nina in Philadelphia, were duly promised to each other for man and wife. All this may appear very extraordinary and very improper; but that is not my business—I tell you the facts—make the most of them.

About this time Tom Elmore, a very handsome young fellow, and a friend of Charles, came on from India.

Nina's mother welcomed him with great affability,—asking a thousand questions about Charles, which quite embarrassed Tom, and made him regard Mrs. Elhingham as prosy, a quality which most matrons of Mrs. Elhingham's age are liable to be accused of.

She however, gave a warm invitation to Tom, which he was not slow to accept. For in two or three days, Tom again made his appearance in Chestnut street, and came again next day with a piece of music, and again, on the day following, with a rare study on which Nina might exercise her pencil—and, in short, after a time he was there every day, Sabbaths not excepted.

And there was no reason to prohibit his coming. His manners were unexceptionable; he was very attentive to Mrs. Elhingham, and to her daughter—perhaps a little more so to Nina than her mother, but never rude. There was no harm in that, I suppose. And how well he played the piano. He was not one of your ephemeral musicians, who know how to read a piece of music at sight, and pass their lives in strumming bad polkas and execrable quadrilles, but who have no more knowledge of how a composer's inspiration should be interpreted than the area railing. He was very different, was Tom. When he played a piece of music, there was no necessity to ask any question about it, for there was the composer talking to you from Tom's keys as plainly, if you had a soul to understand them, as you might hear your tailor when he presents his horrible "little bill." Tom could play, he could, I tell you.

The end of this was, they fell in love with each other. The idea, however, of Tom's offering to marry her, never entered Nina's mind, because she felt confident that his high sense of honor would never permit him to violate the confidence which Charles had placed in his integrity when he gave him so flattering an introduction to her, and because she did not believe that Tom could think so lightly of her as to suppose that she would break her plighted word to Charles, unless he voluntarily released her. She therefore had no fear, because she thought no wrong.

At length Tom began to speak more freely of his absent friend. He did not do so at first directly, but in insinuations which corresponded neither with the *prestige* which his features bespoke for him, nor with his general conduct since his arrival in Philadelphia.

"It is strange," he said, on one occasion, "that Charles does not write."

"Very," Nina replied. "Can he be ill?"

"Scarcely, or I should have heard of it. Do you know if any one has made mischief between you?"

"Surely not," said Nina.

"Perhaps," said Tom, and after stopping abruptly, he continued, "perhaps Charles has his eyes on an Indian beauty."

The color mounted to Nina's brow as he said this, for she felt with all the sensitiveness of woman the inference of indifference which the remark conveyed, and when he followed this up by indirectly arousing his own passion, he almost became repugnant to her.

The next morning Nina rose late, for she felt unwell, and having taken breakfast in her room, went down to the parlor and found Tom there. She did not guess what he had come for, because she did not know anything of the signs which belong to these occasions. But I do. When you see a gentleman, sitting alone in a room, carefully dressed, not lounging so as to put creases into his waistcoat, which would look untidy, but sitting studiedly upright, with a pale face—except on the cheek, where excitement places little spots of crimson—and when you moreover observe this young gentleman twiddling his gloves about, and troubled with nervous twitchings of his upper lip, you may be sure that he is about to "propose," and nothing less. Nina, however, as I have said, knew nothing of all this.

She spoke coldly to Tom as she entered the room and seated herself on a couch at the other end. But when Tom came and sat by her, and took her hand in his and spoke to her so kindly and so affectionately, Nina turned deadly pale and trembled in every limb, and then with the eloquence that truth gives, he poured out his love for her.

Nina, however remained perfectly silent while Tom spoke, but at length she raised her face, to put an end to his addresses, when her eye encountered the form of her mother and aunt, who had entered the room unobserved by its excited occupants, and had heard the greater part of Tom's very unexpected proposal.

When Nina looked up, her mother had in some measure recovered her surprise, and had turned to leave the room—as she did so, however, the pale, trembling girl, who, but a moment before, seemed about to sink under her emotion, rose at once to self-command, immediately she felt that she must depend for aid upon herself alone. She left her seat upon the sofa, and standing midway between Elmore and the door, called to her mother—and her voice was as firm then as ever it had been—as round and as full and as noble as woman's voice could be.

"Mother," she said. "Stop, I pray you—aunt, do not go—this is a scene that will please you, for it cannot fail to be too cruel for us all. You have heard, you could not choose but hear, what Mr. Thomas Elmore, Charles Rightford's friend, has said to me but now. Hear then my answer:

"You are a man whose powerful will and cultivated mind should place you far above this most dishonest action.

"What can I, a poor weak girl, tell you that can in any wise cause Truth to teach your mind how foul a spot this act has painted on your fame. Trusted by your friend, you would betray him; trusted by me, you would sink me to shame and sorrow, by making me the partner of your crime.

"You can go forth into the world, and by fresh sin blot out the recollection of this mean, miserable trick; but I, a woman, with a woman's modesty, can do no worse and still remain a woman, for honor is the boundary of virtue—and you would have me barter mine for love—your love! No, no, it cannot be love which is thus based. Love ennobles and refines—exalts, lifts up above the common follies of an age, and does not stoop to add fresh sins to its full catalogue for after times to wonder at."

While Nina thus spoke, Tom looked up into her face with a strange and singular expression, until at last he sank upon his knees before her and kept looking in her face silently but intently, like one in a trance—that is, only so far as perfect stillness might give him that appearance—for in his face there was a look of light and triumph which it was startling to look upon. But Nina heeded not.

"You know," she said, "you know that I do not love Charles Rightford. You know I could not, for you have proved that love can be born only of esteem, and I have never seen him. Yet, I know that he is not unworthy, and having once pledged my word to him, I am his eternally, so long as he is worthy, unless by his own free release.

"But you thought I loved you. You perhaps tried to make me love you"—and her lip quivered as she spoke—"but if you still hold that dream banish it as madness, and renounce the hope. What may have been yesterday is gone; for esteem is incompatible with contempt, and you have made this displace that by your most shameful conduct."

And yet Tom did not look down—and, oh me! what an expression on his face! There seemed naught but joy and love and purest triumph upon every feature.

"Go, then," said Nina; "go from me now and for aye. I knew no passion till I knew you, and passion has brought with it sorrow that till now was ever a stranger to my heart. Go from me and tell Charles Rightford, if you can dare again to look upon his face, whether his betrothed prefers love to honor, happiness before honest pride. Tell him how you found and how you leave me—still his—his as much as ever—still, and as surely the same Nina Elhingham as you are—

"Charles Rightford!" said her lover, speaking for the first time, as he sprung to his feet and showed her portrait and the locket with the dark hair in, which she had sent him, and twenty other tokens beside. "Your Charles Rightford, Nina, dearest; here to prove the falsehood of all those who dared to speak lightly of the world's best ornament. I sent for your aunt, intending that she should be present at this interview and—"

But Nina could hear no more—with one loud scream she sunk into his arms and fainted.

And, my gracious, what a piece of work there was. What, with smelling-salts and crying, burnt feathers and congratulations, there never was such a scene any where.

That Charles acted wrongly and with deception he could not deny, but a frank confession, and a few airs on the piano set him all to rights very soon, and he was married in the following month.

It was not much more than a year afterward that little Nina Rightford was born.

But to this day, Mrs. Elhingham prides herself on the sagacity with which she discovered in the so-disant Tom Elmore a strong resemblance to old Rightford.

PARCELS IN THE POST OFFICE.—The parcels are marvelous. We find not only every conceivable article which can be found in a pawnbroker's or a furnishing shop, but birds, beasts, reptiles, fish, insects, and mollusks. A short time ago a wasp's nest was among the temporary treasures of the department. Shortly before a lizard and a slow-worm (insufficiently directed) found their way to the same office. They had been packed in the same box, and when opened over night appeared to be living in peace and amity. The following morning it was reported, as a remarkable phenomenon, that one of the creatures had vanished from the closed box; on examination it appeared that the lizard had, indeed, gone from sight, and that the slow-worm was enormously swollen in his digestive parts. On one occasion a number of torn letters were forwarded to the department from a letter-box into which a mouse had been thrown by some playful spirit. It turned out that the mouse had left all of the letters untouched except those which contained postage stamps: but its sense of smell had guided it to all those with stamps in them, and it had bitten through the covers and eaten away at the adhesive gum on the backs of the stamps. Sometimes a slice of paste or of old plum pudding is found in a letter: why such a thing should be sent at all is a puzzle, till a close examination shows that it contains money hidden in it with a view to escaping the registration fee. For the same reason money is often concealed in newspapers. It frequently happens that unaddressed letters, when opened, are found to contain checks, sometimes to a very large amount. These it is, of course, easy to return through the banker to their owners. But with the best will in the world, the department is left with a mass or articles of every conceivable kind on its hands, which at intervals of three months are sold by auction. Among these are empty, unaddressed purses, which are constantly found in letter-boxes, put there by thieves who have transferred the contents to their own pockets. House keys are also frequently found in the same places, dropped into them by tenants who have left their houses without paying the landlord his rent. Sometimes, however, they politely attach a label to the key, with the name and address of the landlord, thus signifying to him that he may look out for another and more solvent occupier. From the old name of the Dead Letter Office a popular belief arose that all inquiries as to persons dead or missing, or as to soldiers or sailors who have not been heard of by their friends, should be made there.

TO HUSBANDS.—Always complain of being tired and remember that nobody else gets tired. Your wife should have everything in readiness for you, but you should not do anything for her. When your wife asks for money, give her a nickel; ask her what she wants with it, and when she tells you, ask her if she can't do without it. Then go down town and spend ten times the amount for cigars, for they are a necessity. Go down town of an evening, stand around on the street corner and talk politics: it's more interesting than to stay home with your family. Charge your wife not to gossip, but you can spin all the yarns you wish. Have your wife get up and make fires, but don't get up yourself till the rest of the family are eating breakfast, as you might catch cold. Wear old clothes and make yourself as untidy as possible until your wife's health fails, then it would be best for you to fix up some, for in all probability you will want another when she is gone. Have a smile for everybody you meet, but get a frown on before you go home.

M. S.

A RAT IN A BOTTLE.—A female rat had the misfortune to be caught alive in a trap a few days ago, and the day following her capture she presented her captor with five small pledges. One of these escaped and ran into a bottle from which it could not get out, owing to the smoothness of its prison walls. There it was found, and the old rat and bottled young one were placed together in a cage. Since that time the mother has fed her offspring by dropping bits of food down the neck of the bottle and quenched its thirst by sticking into the same orifice her tail dripping with water from the pan provided for her own use.

Scientific and Useful.

"FOODS" FOR INFANTS.—The New York State Medical Society condemns the use of the so-called "foods" for infants. These foods are sold in large quantities, although nothing is known of their composition, or whether they are not worse than useless.

PREVENTING FRAUD.—A curious application of electricity is described in a French paper. It consists in a device to prevent military conscripts practicing fraud as to their stature by bending their knees. When the youth stands erect against the measuring post, the hind parts of the knees ring; the ringing ceases when there is the least bending. The sliding bar which furnishes the measure has also a contact, which is pressed by the head, whereby a third electric bell is affected. For a correct measurement, the three bells should ring simultaneously. This system is now employed in the Spanish army.

GASLIGHT AND EYESIGHT.—An official report has been published in Germany containing information from a large number of physicians concerning the influence of gas-light on the eyes. This information goes to show, on the whole, that no damaging results follow a moderate use of gas, if the direct action of the yellow flame on the eye is prevented. For this purpose, screens or shades are employed, very grave objections, however, attaching to the use of zinc or lead shades, most of the evils affecting the eye being traceable to them; their use, it is said, inevitably tends to blindness or inflamation, and other harmful effects. The milky-white glass shade is the best.

LIFE PRESERVERS.—The compulsory provision of life preservers on steamers, and their manifest utility, suggest to a correspondent of *The Scientific American* the propriety of a law compelling factory owners to provide at each window a cheap and sufficient fire escape, in addition to the appliances and stairways now required. One that would always be ready, easily understood, and usable by any person of ordinary intelligence, even under excitement, could be made in the following manner: To a staple firmly driven in the wall immediately over each window attach a rope or cord, say three-eighths of an inch in size, and long enough to reach nearly or quite to the ground. This cord should be well made and pliable, and might be knotted at intervals of about fifteen inches. The cord should then be rolled into a coil or ball, and tied in place by a small cord or strap, ready at a moment's notice to be untied and the end thrown out of the window. Men, and even women, could descend it with little difficulty, and the stronger and cooler-headed could tie the rope about the bodies of the weaker, and quickly lower them to the helpers below.

Farm and Garden.

THE PEN.—Paralysis of the hind-quarters in pigs is sometimes caused by inflammation of and consequent effusion upon the animal marrow, causing pressure and loss of nerve power. Sensation and power of motion may often be restored by the application of a mild irritant to the loins. Turpentine or a thin paste of mustard rubbed upon the loins over the spine generally leads to a cure. It is brought on by colds and damp quarters, or exposure to cold rains, and is more frequent in young pigs than old ones. A chill will sometimes produce it suddenly.

THE "GOLDEN TREAD."—We have heard a good deal about the golden tread of the sheep, but we must remember that it depends altogether where it treads as to whether the tread is golden or otherwise. Of course on light land under the plow the tread of the sheep is beneficial in consolidating the land, neither is it so heavy as to pooch it: the even distribution of manure, too, by sheep is a well-known advantage. But it is the close cropping of the sheep on newly-laid grass-land, or upon the best meadows, which does so much harm. Good pastures on which oxen are fed, are injured by sheep, which reject the coarsest grasses and pick out the finest.

COVERED AND EXPOSED.—Two acres manured with barn-yard manure, which had been exposed to the weather, yielded 564 bushels of potatoes, while the other two acres manured with covered manure, yielded 913 bushes or 451 bushes more than the other. The increased effect of the covered manure did not cease with the first year. The next year both plots were sown with wheat, and from the two acres dressed with the barn-yard manure ninety bushels of wheat were harvested, while from the two acres dressed with the covered manure, one hundred and eight bushels of wheat were obtained. These facts show the importance of protecting the barn manure from the weather.

SUGAR FOR BEES.—In the winter season and sometimes at other periods it is advisable to feed bees. The following is said to be a good method for preparing sugar for feeding bees: To four quarts of white sugar add one quart of boiling water; heat over a brisk fire, stirring all the time until it boils about five minutes. Remove from the fire and set the dish in a basin of cold water, and stir briskly until it gets white and creamy. Now pour on plates and let the sugar cool. If it does not crystallize by stirring, there is too much water in it and you will have to put it back on the stove and boil for a few minutes again. When you have got your cakes of coolhard candy, put them on the frames over the bees.

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Presenting the Bride!

meets with unqualified praise, as we expected and it deserves, from all who have seen it. It certainly should give satisfaction for it is emphatically the BEST, HANDSOMEST and MOST VALUABLE PREMIUM EVER OFFERED. The illustration in our last number is calculated to mislead, as its appearance alongside of the original is quite disappointing. We said last week, the illustration was one-fifth the size of the Photo-Oleograph; it was really one-eighth size only.

Just think of it, dear reader—a $24 Photo-Oleograph and THE POST one year for $2. In estimating the value of this superb picture, don't compare it in your mind with any chromo you have ever seen. We say to you, emphatically, such a work of art as this was never before offered as a Premium Gift by any publishers in the world.

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CRITICISM.

There are many unpleasant things in this world, but one of the hardest to bear is criticism. We are so closely surrounded by our fellow-beings that we cannot help touching them on all sides. Each feels his neighbor's influence, and on that very account cannot escape his share of the criticism. Poets, artists, sculptors, and even every-day people, bear on the tablets of their secret hearts some little line which cuts too deep to be erased.

Perfection among mortals is a thing unknown; and if we would but stop and think over our own faults when tempted to criticise those of others, we would often check words which only tend to irritate and many times convert into an enemy one whose friendship we prize too highly to lose.

A true gentleman or lady shrinks from expressing his or her opinion regarding those occupying adjoining corners to their little world. Number One's character may look as dwarfed and blurred in the sight of Number Two as that of Number Two in the sight of Number One, yet he may not care to tell him of it.

He who can rise above petty criticism sufficiently to accept it in a kindly spirit, profiting by the good it contains, and rejecting the bad, is greater than the ruler of a kingdom. It is far easier to pull down than to build up.

Any man can take a hammer and break a statue in pieces, or with a stroke of a brush destroy a beautiful painting; but it is not every man who can model the first, or paint the latter. Why, then, persist in criticizing others for what it is impossible for us to do ourselves? An ambitious person is to be commended rather than censured. It is only when he makes other people's little deficiencies the rounds of the ladder by which he would rise, that he should be blamed.

Let us, then, strive to look closely at our own lives, and less at the lives of others. Let us strive to mould our own hearts. Let charity for our fellow-beings expand and deepen, and, depend upon it, those little faults which mar our neighbor's character will vanish like the wavelet on the shore that is caught back by the one following, leaving a spotless surface, uninjured by the mark of man.

SANCTUM CHAT.

A CHRISTIAN ARMY has been formed in Chicago, like the Salvation Army in England, with a general in command, captains for exhorters, "knee drills" instead of prayer meetings, "skirmishes" by small parties in saloons, and "battles" in a public hall.

—

SOME interesting and curious statistics have recently been published in England, showing the extent of mental aberration in the various professions of that country. Only the extraordinarily small number of twelve cases of permanent insanity were reported among the 136,143 authors, journalists, reporters and literary people, male and female, of the kingdom.

—

BRONSON ALCOTT'S latest instruction for his æsthetic disciples is that the purest food is fruit, and that, if animal food is eaten at at all, it is best in the mild form of oysters and eggs. "Beautiful diet, beautiful form!" he exclaims. "All pure poets have abstained almost entirely from animal food. Every animal-feeder is sometimes a tyrant. If one would abate that fate, he must omit it entirely, but by a gradual process."

—

THE whole length of navigation in the Suez canal is eighty-eight geographical miles. Of this distance sixty-miles are actual canal formed by cuttings, fourteen miles are made by dredging through lakes, and eight miles required no work, the natural depth being equal to that of the canal. The entire cost, including harbors, was about $100,000,000. It is regarded as making a saving of thirty-six days on the voyage from Western Europe to the East Indies.

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CONCERNING earthquakes, Anaxagoras, the Rhodian, held that earthquakes are nothing but a sort of cosmic flatulence—winds which have strayed into caverns, where they can not find an outlet. Aristotle ascribes them to vapors generated by the infiltration of water through the fissures of a rocky sea-bottom; and Pliny, to the pressure of air confined in deep caves, and reacting against the collapse of superincumbent rock-strata. But the most ingenious explanation is offered by St. Thomas, of Aquinas. Earthquakes, he suggests, may be caused by the struggles of defunct misbelievers trying (by a simultaneous stampede, perhaps) to escape from the pit of torment.

—

ALEXANDRA, Princess of Wales, has set in England one excellent fashion. She has made so public a display of her attachment to her young sons and daughters that it has become the mode for the fashionable British matron similarly to express her affections. Small boys and girls have, it is stated, completely eclipsed toy-terriers and pugs as the pets paraded by ladies in Victorias and on foot in Hyde Park at the height of the season.

—

A CLUB of "Unfortunate Lovers" has been formed in the town of Herne, Eng., and already fourteen members are enrolled. An elderly bachelor, who has met with repeated rebuffs, has been elected chairman, and the organization having been thus happily effected, the particular kind of misery implied in the club name will hereafter know where to go for company. It may be noted, in passing, that those "unfortunate lovers" whose woes date from the successful termination of their suits need not apply.

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PRESIDENT ARTHUR is both a good shot and a good fisherman, and follows ex-President Hayes in that respect, who hunted all over the Sandusky marshes when a boy, and kept at it until he reached the Presidency. Mr. Hayes once joined the cod and mackerel fleet of the New Foundland Banks, and spent a season in that tempestuously dangerous occupation. Washington was one of the best sportsmen of the day, and raced horses, like General Jackson, and shot every description of bird and beast in Virginia.

—

THE increase in the number of whales is becoming noteworthy. Frequently we hear of the huge monsters getting in the pathway of sailing vessels, and breaking propellers or paddle wheels. For all this coal oil is responsible. It is so much easier to sink a well than to fit out a whaler that sperm-oil has been replaced by kerosene. It is so much less expensive to make springs in shops than to harpoon whales that steel and celluloid have taken the place of whalebone long ago in umbrellas and corsets. Meanwhile the sportive whales go on replenishing the seas until their numbers are becoming formidable.

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WHEN Jules Ferry was in office in France he thought of a plan to lessen the probability of panics in case of fires in public buildings, by educating the rising generation above the panic point, so to speak. He thought, in a word, that it would be advisable to organize fire drills in the senior classes of lyceums and colleges. This idea was applied by the rector of a Paris lyceum soon after the burning of the Nice Opera House, and a drill was maintained with considerable success during the summer. Had M. Ferry remained in office, it is possible that instruction of this particular character would have been extended to all the State schools.

—

DR. JACOBY gives us the appalling information that whenever any member of the human family becomes illustrious, that family pays for it by rapid degeneracy and ultimate extinction. This is a reversal of the Darwinian theory of the "survival of the fittest," and, according to Dr. Jacoby, humanity hereafter will not be the prosperity of the powerful, the rich, the intelligent, the energetic, etc., but the coming galaxy of poets, statesmen, philosophers, inventors, railroad kings, insurance presidents, and Wall street "corner" stones, will be the sons of peasants, renters, and clod-hoppers. The future, says the *Journal of Chemistry*, belongs to physical mediocrity. Some people will venture to think this encouraging.

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IN Europe the clergymen do not oppose cremation as strongly as formerly. The Protestant clergy in Gotha and in Munich, the Archbishop of Paris, and the Bishop of Manchester have declared in favor of it. The Roman Catholic priesthood in Italy does not oppose it. The Copenhagen Cremation Society, which consists of 2,000 members, recently applied to the government for permission to erect and operate a crematory in one of the suburban cemeteries; the application was strongly approved by the Board of Health. Bodies recently exhumed in Danish burial grounds were found after thirty years to be yet in the first stage of decay.

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CIRCUMSTANCES occuring in the settlement of a late county clerk, impel a Michigan paper to remark: "It is a little queer that when a man dies the delicate regard and excessive modesty of his bosom friends immediately cease. Men who could not brook the idea of troubling him with a settlement, or annoying him with the presentation of a very small bill, while he was living, have no hesitancy or trepidation in parading a long invoice of years of indebtedness against the estate for the contemplation of the widow. Why, it is even a light matter to cast reproach on the reputation and fair name of the dead."

—

WHEN you rise in the morning form the resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow creature. It is easily done—a left-off garment to the man who needs it; a kind word to the sorrowful; an encouraging expression to the striving, trifles light as air—will do at least for the twenty-four hours. And if you are young, depend upon it, it will tell when you are old; and if you are old, rest assured it will send you happily and gently down the stream of time to eternity. By the most simple arithmetical sum, look at the result. If you send one person away happily through the day, that is 365 in the course of a year. And suppose you live forty years only after you commence that course of medicine, you have made 14,600 persons happy—for a time at least.

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THE extent of the manufacture of "pure olive oil" from cotton-seed is indicated by export statistics from New Orleans. Of 6,000,000 gallons shipped thence during 1879-'80, 68 per cent. was sent to the Mediterranean and French ports, and one-half of this amount to Italy. This is more than the entire olive oil production of France, and one-fifth that of Italy itself. As the United States re-imports only one-tenth this amount of olive oil, it is evident that not only the people of this country, but the experienced epicures of Europe as well, make their salads with the product of the cotton-seed. Some oil also goes West, where it probably figures as olive oil, without the intervention of a voyage across the Atlantic; but at least two-thirds of the entire product of the country (15,000,000 gallons) is exported to Europe.

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THE English journals, in discussing the question of domestic poisons, suggest as a protection or remedy a law prohibiting the use of arsenic in the manufacture of any and all fabrics for domestic purposes—that is, in all those processes which leave the arsenic in the finished goods. It appears that the trade interests involved in this practice have been subjected to scientific investigation, and the alleged advantages in the employment of arsenic for wall papers, etc., are shown to be for the most part imaginary. Among the paper-stainers the use of arsenic pigments is being abandoned, and in other industries also they are much less resorted to than formerly. But, notwithstanding this and the well-known fact that two or three grains of the article will destroy life, the production of arsenic in England last year was nearly 5,000 tons.

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FEW persons are aware of the variations that each day take place in their height. These changes are not uniform—that is to say, the range of variation is greater in some persons than it is in others, and while on the average it is not far from half an inch, there are those whose height in 24 hours varies more than an inch. As might be supposed, a man is tallest in the morning, while the contraction in height is at its extreme at bed-time. The cause for this difference is very simple. During the night there is little direct pressure on the joints or vertebræ, that go to make up the spinal column. In consequence of this, these gradually expand their limits, raising or extending the body with them. But when the body is placed in an upright position a pressure is instantly put upon the vertebræ, under which they begin to contract, and in so doing they let down the body.

BENEATH THE SEA.

BY M. E. A.

My love was tall, and my love was bonny,
His arm was strong, and his heart was leal,
His eyes were so blue, and his smile was sunny—
My darling, my hero, that loved me well.

He came to me in the summer's glory,
When the sun shone warm on the new-mown hay;
He whispered softly the old, old story—
There was heaven for me in his eyes that day.

Oh! summer days, pass not so quickly,
Oh, golden hours, fly less swiftly by,
For Autumn's chill robe lurks close behind thee,
And the Autumn will part my love and I.

I stand on the beach, where his good ship lies waiting,
And the Autumn winds lash the white waves high,
I smile for his sake, 'tho my heart is breaking—
My hero, my lover, good-bye! good-bye!

Oh, cruel green waves, I hate you, I hate you!
Oh, moon, I hate you, that saw him die!
I hate you, all nature, that smile so blithely,
While I, in my passionate agony, cry.

Oh, mermaids under the white sea-foam,
Did you welcome my love to your coral bowers?
Did you kiss the pale lips that were mine alone?
Did you twine in his bright hair the dark sea-flowers?

Break, heart, break, for thy master lies sleeping,
Cradled in death 'neath the treacherous sea:
Break, heart, break, for I'm weary of weeping,
And naught but to die is left for me.

The Winstanley Ghost.

BY EDWARD ARNOLD.

I WOULD have given life itself to have heard her in the last hour of it confess me dear to her, to have had one kiss from those perfect lips, as I lay dying, pressed on mine. But when I had half-hinted at my madness, half-looked it, she had shrunk from me; and snatching her hand from the clasp in which I prisoned it, had said to me very decidedly: "No, Gerald. If you would not have me remember how very distant our cousinship is, never dare speak of this to me again." And I never had, being in my love for her very much of a coward; but the eager hunger was always there.

I well remember the summer, when her father's invitation to visit the old Devon manor-house being given and accepted, Erna and I lived week after week under the same grey roof, and I gathered strength in drinking in the light that laughed on me from her eyes, and strolled with her in the woods or floated with oar and sail amid the dream-like loveliness of the stream.

She had the kindest, tenderest, gayest temper all the time, that mine was still but the ghost of a life, but as I changed gradually to something more nearly resembling my old self, Erna began to change too, and was presently almost the same strange provoking girl I had known in the days when I laid my heart at her feet only to be trampled on. I would not repeat the folly; to be scorned once by any lips, however, lovely, was enough.

We were alone in the garden one morning, and I was thinking this, and at the same time how rare was the beauty of her face, when she looked up and our eyes met. She did not blush, or turn from the glance that I was bending on her, but only smiled mockingly—a smile that passed next moment into a laugh, as wickedly provoking as herself. I was turning away, hurt, I scarcely knew why, when she stopped me with an imperious bidding.

"Gerald," she said, "if you care to come with me to the Winstanley room, I am just in the humor for telling you its legend.

"Winstanley's ghost has been seen at least once in every generation of Heathcotts since the time of his master, Geoffrey Heathcott. You laugh at me," she continued, a flash of defiance in her great eyes, "but I tell you I do believe in him—in his haunting the house where his death was the cause of his master's."

I looked at her, uncertain as to how much of her speech was jest, how much earnest, puzzled to know whether she put faith in the family ghost, or not. "You would not dare sleep in the room they call Winstanley's?" I questioned. "Are you so superstitious, Erna, as to say that seriously?"

Erna darted at me her most indignant glance, by way of acknowledgment of my question. "Are you so great a hero yourself, Gerald, that you would care to sleep in it?" she asked.

"You forget," I said, lightly, "that I have not seen this chamber of horrors yet."

"See it now, then," she flashed out. "Come with me, and tell me if you would care to have it for your own while you stay here."

She ran off before I could answer; and I followed slowly to the house, and found her, after some minutes search, returning from the housekeeper's private sanctum. "Now," she said, holding up a key that left deep stains of rust on her dainty fingers—"now for the haunted room!"

I followed her to it. It was in one of the extreme corners of the building. A strange, gloomy place, scantily furnished in the fashion of at least a century before, and having in one nook an antique bed, dating back, perhaps, to the time of Anne or George I. I found myself looking at this with an uncomfortable feeling that perhaps the ghostly steward, after his nightly walks through the old house, might lie down in it sometimes in preference to his grave. "Erna," I asked of the girl beside me, "do you say that mortals have quite given up occupying this room?"

"My grandfather once or twice slept here, or so I have heard," she answered. "He must have been a brave man—worthy of the Cavalier race he came from."

"Is the ghost so terrible a ghost, then, to encounter?"

"Terrible to a Heathcott," she said, seriously. "I know you will laugh at me, Gerald, and perhaps the fancy is a silly one, but I never come here without feeling that every word of the story they tell of the room must be true. Out of it, I am more of a sceptic about my ghost."

"I'll hear the story before I laugh at you," I answered.

She told me her story thus:

Geoffrey Heathcott, one of the most faithful and foolish adherents to the King, left England in despair soon after the terrible 30th of January, 1649; but returned next year to follow the fortunes of Prince Charles from Stirling to the fatal field of Worcester. He escaped with his life, and after shifting for many months from one place of concealment to another, ventured back, sometime in 1653, to Devon and Heathcott Manor, and lived there, undisturbed by the Protector's government, until, unhappily for himself, he became implicated in an abortive scheme for a rising in the West.

He was seized, effected the same night a daring escape, and fled, with a party of Ironsides in fierce pursuit, to Heathcott House. The search that the Parliamentarians conducted there was at first without result; but General Harrison, their savage commander, was not a man to be easily balked. He had the old steward of the family brought before him, and threatened him with instant death unless he would betray his master's hiding place. The old man, still protesting his ignorance, was dragged to the chamber that had ever since been known by his name, and there a party of musketeers were told off to fire on him. Harrison had, however, secretly given orders only to load with powder. The volley killed Winstanley none the less; his frail hold of life was not to be thus rudely played with. When the soldiers lifted the old man from where he had fallen, they found him dead. The legend further says that his master had taken refuge in a hiding place contrived in Elizabeth's time by his grandfather—a small cell that, unhappily for him, by an oversight of the architect, could only be opened from without, and so made a prisoner of anyone who was hidden there."

"So that," I said, "if the old steward were really his master's only confidant, the poor prisoner would in the present case have been buried alive, and his bones be still here."

Erna did not answer; she drew closer to me, and looked round her with a shudder. "Come away," she said, catching at my arm. "I feel as though if I stayed here longer the air would choke me."

The telling of this made me determine to sleep in the room, for I was no believer in ghosts. But however, it happened tho' I slept there afterwards, the first night was the most restless. There was a sickening atmosphere of death and decay about the place; and I tossed in my bed restlessly from side to side, and gasped as if the air I breathed would choke me. At last I got up, and dragging one of the heavy antique chairs before the nearer of the two old casements, flung it wide open to the June night, and sat there smoking. The two narcotics—night-air and tobacco—soothed me to sleep at last; and I woke some hours afterwards, to carry down to breakfast a violent cold.

Erna was in the garden, as her absence from the breakfast room assured me. As for Mr. Heathcott, I doubt if he had seen the sun rise once in the last ten years, unless from the windows of his bed-room. I stole softly out into the open air, and down the tangled alleys of the old garden. I knew the corner that she would seek.

I stole on her softly, and the next moment had caught her in my arms, and my lips for a moment brushed her cheek.

She started from me—red as the roses she was gathering. "Mr. Osborne," she said, "how dare you!"

Then her eyes sought mine with an eager interest as she gently disengaged herself. "Oh, Gerald," she cried "have you seen him?"

"Who? The Winstanley of the legend?" I questioned, laughing at her. "No, Erna; the ghost's as civil and unobtrusive a ghost as one could desire, and doesn't seem even inclined to haunt my dreams."

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I remember, as if that dead year had been yesterday, how shy she was of me all that day, and how when we parted in the evening her hand rather touched mine than clasped it, and she bade me the coldest of "Good-nights." We met the next morning at the breakfast table, and I laughed as I caught her eyes fixed on me for a moment with an eager, questioning gaze. "No, Erna," I said, "not yet."

"Not yet," I could have answered also on the third morning of my broken slumbers in that low-browed, shadowy room.

I had a dream on the fourth night of my imprisonment in that room that chilled me to an ague-fit of terror, and from which I woke shivering, and with a wild cry forcing itself from me in the greatness of my fear. I had dreamed of being alone with one long dead, and that the thing had touched me; and when I woke, trembling and with the cold dew of my terror upon me, I was not in the room where I had fallen asleep, but in that to which, as it had seemed to me in my dream, the dead had led me.

I went down as haggard as a man might be whom such dreams had haunted, and paced the terrace before the old house, thinking feverishly of them.

Erna had risen as early as the sun, and but little later than myself; and stealing softly on me, her voice breathed softly in my ear, while I stood there lost in gloomy musings and unconscious of her coming.

I started, and turned almost fiercely. "Erna," I said, by way of excuse and explanation for my abruptness, "I took you for the moment for a continuation of my dreams."

"Your dreams, Gerald!" Her face flushed, her voice grew eager. "There are no dreams in Winstanley's room. Tell me—what have you seen?"

But I was in no mood at the moment for explanation, and I turned away without answering her question or satisfying her curiosity.

Early that afternoon, when the glory of the June day was at its brightest, we took our way through the dim and dusty passages of the uninhabited part of the old house, and, after awhile, stood silent and side by side in the room to which, if I might credit my dream, no earthly guide had led me.

It was a dim old chamber, darker and smaller than that called after the traditionary Winstanley, and in a far more hopeless state of dis-repair. Once it had been an oratory, and the single and beautifully-shapen window had blazed with colored glass, and from the carven woodwork of the walls there had looked down the faces of the twelve Apostles; but the glass was long since gone, and the Apostles presented now but a succession of indistinctly outlined lineaments, falling year by year into more irreparable decay. I went from one blurred mask to the other, vainly seeking to recognize that before which, as it seemed to me in my dream, my ghostly guide had paused for a moment, and pointing to it, had vanished from my sight. I stopped at last at one which, centuries before, had in all probability imaged forth the face of Peter, and considering it attentively, left some dim uncertainty of a recognition dawn upon me. "Erna," I said, "it was this."

We searched long for the secret that Erna persisted in believing lay hidden behind that bit of carven wood. The June day wore slowly out, afternoon was creeping into evening, but still, though the sun sank in the west, and the shadowy twilight began to lend an added dimness to the chamber, those small white fingers followed patiently every line of carving in the grim old panel and the grimmer face that frowned above it, and the bright eyes watched tirelessly for some clue as to where might lurk the spring that it was Erna's wild fancy lay somewhere hidden for her to press.

At last, tired of my turns aiding in and laughing at this wild quest, I menaced Erna that, unless she yielded to my often-repeated entreaty and abandoned it, I would leave her to seek for secret springs and hidden crypts alone. Then I turned towards the door, as if to carry out my threat.

She fled past me, rapid as a legendary fay, and placing one hand upon the lock, with the other waved me back. "Gerald," she said, half laughing, and yet with a strange, sweet coaxing in her voice, "I want you to promise that as long as I choose to seek in this room for the secret I think it will give up to us, you will not leave me."

I had not meant to speak to her of my love. What was there in her words that they should thrill some subtle nerve within me, and send strange passion burning through my veins? I took her hand in mine—her slight girl's hand—and my eyes sought hers with a wild desire to read my destiny in them. "Erna," I said, "look up."

She bent her head still lower. I could see only the crimsoned cheek, and the golden head that drooped above it.

"You said once that if I ever dared to speak to you of love again, it would force you to remember that we were scarcely even cousins. I dare it now; I will be something more than a cousin to you, or we shall part. Erna, I say now, and more boldly than a year ago—I love you."

Still no answer, and the cheek flushed more and more, and the golden head drooped lower.

"I love you, Erna," I repeated, trying vainly to make her lift her face to mine.

Something in her silence and her blush emboldened me. I drew her gently to me, and—and

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"The ghosts have given you to me, Erna," I said, releasing her—as she rather shrank from me, blushing, and hid her glowing face against the carven wall from, which the stony-visaged saints frowned grimly down on our betrothal kiss.

And I stretched out my hand and laid it lightly on hers, as it rested on a dark and mouldered thing, in which there yet lurked indistinct suggestions of the treachery of Judas. I felt the warm, soft hand tremble under mine, and struggle to escape me, and tightening my clasp, there came next instant a frightened cry from Erna; then a rush into our faces of cold air, as with a grating and sullen sound, the wall gave way an inch or two. And then, the spring refusing to act, closed heavily again, and left us standing there, looking wildly into each other's faces, alone with our wilder thoughts, and with the coming of the night.

* * * * * *

We buried the bones that were found in that ghastly hiding-place, when a way was at last broken into it, in the old vault of the Heathcotts; and in the church beyond Erna stood with me next summer at the altar-rails, and exchanged with me the vows that made us man and wife. But when the time of roses came again, and a young life was born into our new home, far away from the Devon hills, her vow of obedience was, for the first time, broken. She insisted, in opposition to my wish, on naming our first-born Geoffrey.

And so Geoffrey, the stout cavalier of Marston and Worcester fights sleeps his last sleep in the calm woods through which wind the clear waters of the Dart; and to the old manor-house, whose vanes rise glittering above those woods, come sometimes mother and child. And then, while the hot June sunlight pours through unglazed casement and shattered wall, and floods with its golden glory the place in which our ancestor's bones were found, Geoffrey, his young namesake, peers fearfully into that narrow crypt, and listens while, with his mother's hand clasped in his, the story of how that ancestor perished there is retold.

At The Mill.

BY ELIZABETH O'HARA.

AT DINNER-TIME Sarah came out of the factory and sat upon a stone step in the stone-yard to eat her dinner.

It had been her custom to sit in the midst of the other girls, the merriest of them all, at this time, but now she wanted to eat herself.

One Sarah Rawdon seemed to hold an argument with another Sarah Rawdon in this wise: The first was the old Sarah she had known for nineteen years—her mother's obedient daughter, the good Sunday School scholar, the steady, sensible little Sarah, to whom duty was before everything else. That Sarah talked in this way:

"I am engaged to Charles Arthur. I am very fond of him. I ought to be; he is so good, so fond of me. We have been promised in marriage a long while. I have been so sorry for him since he met with that accident, through which my mother and I nursed him.

"Now that he has the engineer's place in the factory, we need wait no longer. I ought to be very glad—I am glad. I shall not work in the mill after that. I shall keep his house for him. Everybody respects him, everybody likes him; I shall be proud of him. What is this strange, wicked feeling at my heart? What does it mean?"

The other Sarah—a new Sarah—seemed to say this:

"I engaged myself to Charles Arthur before I knew my own mind. I never really loved him; he is very much older than I; he has a jealous disposition. The pity I feel for his hurt does not keep me from knowing that it disfigures him. I have met the man I love—I cannot help loving him. I know I shall be miserable if I do not. I won't stick to my engagement; I will break it. I love Ben Barton, and he loves me."

Which was the real Sarah? The poor girl did not know.

Meanwhile, at the window of his room, the engineer sat moodily, his face dark with trouble.

He ought to have been happy, it seemed. When, three years before, he had lost a good position through what was called "carelessness," he had never hoped to get another so good. He had lamed himself for life, and had been haunted for a long while by deep remorse.

Something had happened that had absorbed his whole attention, and he had forgotten his engine, and the result was a terrible one.

He had retrieved his character, however. He had a good position again. He was about to be married to the prettiest girl he know, and there were many who thought him a very enviable fellow.

On the contrary, he was very wretched, for he had just made sure that Sarah cared more for Ben Barton than she did for him, and he was furious with jealousy.

Where was she? Talking to Ben Barton, perhaps; and at this thought, he could have killed the young fellow.

Before his accident he could have dared to run down into the yard and look for her, catch a kiss, and be back again; but it would take too long now.

His mind went back to the day when he had forgotten his engine in the wrath he felt for a fancied insult.

"What a fool I was!" he muttered. "What a confounded fool! But I've paid for it. I used to be the strongest fellow I know, if I was not the handsomest. How can I expect a girl to like me now?"

Then a memory came to him.

Once she had told him she loved him all the better for his hurt. She meant it, too; but she had not seen this Ben Barton when she said it.

But his heart was softening very much. He remembered the soft touch of Sarah's fingers on his brow when he was ill—her cooing voice.

"She can't be a false thing," he said, and he left his window and went to the other side of the room, and peeped through a break in the boards. Thence he could see the court-yard and stone steps, and there sat Sarah alone, eating her dinner; waiting for him, perhaps. All that was tender in the man thrilled within him now.

"Sarah," he said, softly smiling unseen upon her. He whistled, but the sound did not reach her. "Little Sally," he repeated, "I am a jealous beast. I've frightened you. Why shouldn't you have a dance now and then, child? Why shouldn't you know you are pretty? I could beat myself!"

"Lots of steam on," said a workman, passing by the engine-room. "But I suppose the fellow knows what he's about."

I scarcely think the fellow did at this moment; for he had just seen Ben Barton run down the steps, and come behind Sarah

very softly and touch her on the cheek with a straw he held in his hand.

She started, and turned, and laughed.

"Was she waiting for him?" asked the engineer, his face darkening again,—"was she waiting for him?"

Sarah had laughed, but her face grew grave again—grave, but very sweet.

It came to her that this new emotion was, perhaps, a fleeting passion: that the long, old-time home tenderness was all Arthur's, and she listened to what Ben Barton said very quietly.

"I've been looking for you, Sarah," he said. "I have something I want to tell you I can't rest until you know it. I like you so much I want you to like me. I—want you to be my wife, my dear. Will you?"

Sarah's heart gave one great leap. Then, to her joy, she felt that it was true to its love, after all. The words came to her. "Oh, I do like you, Mr. Barton, very much, but only as a friend. I am engaged to be married, and of course, I could not like anyone else in any other way."

The blood rushed into the young man's face.

"I can't say you have acted much like an engaged girl," he said.

"Well, perhaps I've been wrong," said Sarah, mildly, feeling the reproach a just one; "but I thought everyone knew. It is Charles Arthur. We are to be married very soon now. We've been engaged ever since I was sixteen. He is very fond of me."

"That's no reason you should marry him if you like me, best," said Ben; "and, really, I can't see, since it is Charles Arthur, why you shouldn't; he is about the last person I should fancy a girl could like."

"You see," said Sarah, "people can't tell about that." And she had scarcely ever felt so lovingly to her betrothed husband before.

Little he knew it, as he watched her through the crevice in the boards, his face growing crimson with wrath; all forgotten but the sight he saw. He could not hear what Sarah said, and the attitude of the young man was very lover-like.

The engine was throbbing like a mad thing, like his own heart. A shrewd little boy, with all a little boy's observing power, paused at the door, feeling that something was wrong.

"There'll be a burst up," he said. Then he called, "Mister! Mister!" and at last went in and pulled him by the coat. But the engineer was no engineer no longer—only a jealous lover. Furious to be spied upon, he turned and gave the boy a kick.

Meanwhile Ben had arisen.

"Well, I'm not one to stand in another fellow's way," he said. "Good-bye, Sarah: I sha'n't see you again very soon, I suppose, and I've liked you a good deal. Will you let me have one kiss—just one, you know, to say it is over?"

"I think there can be no harm in that," said Sarah.

Charles Arthur's eye was at the crevice again just in time to see that kiss.

"I'm right! He's got her!" he yelled.

And then—what was it—the noise, the beating pulse, that shook the building? He turned—a memory of that past scene of horror and destruction rushing over him.

"Again! again! again!" he shrieked, and flew to his engine.

It was too late.

What had happened? Sarah did not know. Bewildered, shaken, horrified, she stood amongst fallen beams and burning boards, and found herself unhurt.

Ben held her tight. Neither were injured, but at their feet, cast there, as it seemed, through the broken wall, lay a dead man, torn, mutilated, terrible to see, with that look of horror frozen on his face, but she knew him.

The engineer was the only man killed by that explosion, though others escaped only as it seemed by a miracle. At the inquest the boy who had called him gave his evidence.

"I saw something was goin' to burst, and I called him, but he was looking through a crack. I looked too—he was watching another fellow kiss Sarah. I suppose that made him so angry he didn't care what burst."

It was the week after Charles Arthur's funeral that Ben Barton met Sarah Rawdon near her father's house, and went up to her and held out his hand.

Sarah did not take it. She turned away.

"I could not touch your hand," she said, "I hate you! Never, never speak to me again! Oh, my Charley! my Charley!"

SILENCE.—Silence has a kindly influence when rightly used. What an incalculable portion of domestic strife and dissension might have been prevented; how often the quarrel, which, by mutual aggravation, has perhaps terminated in bloodshed, have been checked in its commencement by a well-timed and judicious silence; those persons only who have experienced it are aware of the beneficial effects of that forbearance which to the exasperating threat, the malicious sneer, or the unjustly imputed culpability, shall answer never a word. And there are not wanting instances where the reputation, the fortune, the happiness, nay, the life of a fellow-creature might be preserved by a charitable silence, either by the suppression of some condemning circumstances, or by refusing to unite in the defamatory allegation. In silence, too, there is safety always. M. D.

RHYMES for the season! A little heat that can't be beat, the window open wide; a little breeze, a little sneeze, and you're the doctor's pride. Seventeen dollars and twenty-five cents for ten visits.

Love in Death.

BY BERTIE BAYLE.

MARGUERITE finished wreathing the blue forget-me-nots in her lovely braids, and then turned her eyes towards the young girl in the window—eyes not less blue than the flowers she had just taken from Tom's bouquet that his groom had left for her ten minutes earlier.

In the large oriel window, draped partly off from the room by leaf-green silken curtains, that were lined with palest salmon-pink, Hazle sat, looking like a fairy princess, all nestled among the salmon-pink cushions that were piled in a luxurious heap, on the floor.

Three hours before she had arrived, upon Marguerite Day's urgent invitation, to spend a fortnight, and officiate at the wedding as first bridesmaid.

And now—there had a vague mysterious something occured to Marguerite as she realized the magnetic loveliness of her guest.

And—how Tom invariably raved over new beautiful faces.

Right into that little tempest of emotion Hazle's exquisite voice came—

"Do you know I am so anxious to meet Mr. Thornecrest? When do you expect him, Marguerite? This afternoon? To-night? If he is half as handsome as the portrait yonder he must be a real god among men."

And—almost as she spoke, Marguerite heard the beloved footsteps on the marble-floored corridor downstairs—that footfall that had such electric power over her little heart.

"That is Tom, now," she said, so quietly that Hazle never would have believed the ecstatic thrill of gladness that trembled all over her; "I will send for him to come right up, and you shall see for yourself what my lord and love is like."

Instead of sending Marguerite stepped to the banister in the hall and called gently—

"Will you come right up to us, Tom? Hazle has come."

And then she waited while he came—while he drew her towards him, and held her a second against his breast and kissed her, and looked in her worshipping eyes and whispered "darling" to her.

Then they went into Marguerite's room together, as fair, as gracious as ever betrothed couple were.

Looking up Hazle saw his handsome figure in its quiet elegant dress, his perfect face which the most consummate skill of the artist could never flatter because it was a face no woman had ever seen and not loved.

"This is Miss Rose—Hazle," Marguerite said simply. "My dear, this is Mr. Thornecrest."

That was the dating moment of all that followed after—that supreme fateful moment when Tom Thornecrest looked in Hazle Rose's eyes and—mad passion was born.

At the very first, for a few days, Marguerite did not see how it was to be.

Mrs. Day was caressing the fair girl thoughtfully.

"My darling, I am troubled. Marguerite somehow—I am afraid I don't quite—like—your friend."

"You must not feel so, mamma," Marguerite said gently. "Tom loves me, but that does not necessitate his never caring for other women's society. Besides—Hazle is my guest, and I requested Tom to help her enjoy her visit. I have asked him to take her to ride—they sing beautifully together, and both enjoy themselves.

"Mamma, I should be sorry, I should be ashamed, if I were—jealous."

Mrs Day was silenced, and Marguerite and she did not again exchange a word on the subject.

And Tom and Hazle were almost inseparable.

They rode and drove, often with Marguerite, often without.

It was one dreary rainy evening, the night but one before the wedding, the last evening there would be quiet and restfulness at Daisy Lawn, for with to-morrow guests would begin to arrive, and there would be bustle, and gaiety, and pleasant confusion.

Marguerite had all day been unusually gay, and more than once Hazle had reproached her, because Tom was not there to be the cause of her happiness.

But no coming shadow cast its darkness over Marguerite, and when her lover came just after dusk, she met him with an ecstatic gladness that showed how deeply happy she was.

As usual Tom and Hazle were friendly beyond friendliness.

While Marguerite was flitting about, busy with little light duties, they would talk or sing, or watch her, and then, after a while, Hazle declared she wanted a certain spray of a high climbing vine in the conservatory that the gardener had refused her peremptorily.

"And which I must have," she said in her pretty resolute way. "Mayn't I, Marguerite? And won't you lay your commands on Mr. Thornecrest to get it for me?"

Of course Marguerite "laid her commands" on Mr. Thornecrest, and of course Hazle went to show him where the specially desired flower was.

And once in the quiet lovely aisles of the conservatory, they both suddenly ceased their purposeless task, and Tom took her in his arms in a passionate and despairing way.

"What are we to do, oh Hazle—what are we to do about it?"

Every vestige of her brilliant bloom deserted her as she clung to him eagerly, resting up her little hands and drawing his handsome passionful face down beside her own.

"How can I tell you? You tell me you love me best—best of all the world that you will die without me, and yet you will not consent to give her up. Tom, Tom! You will break my heart too."

He gathered her slight lovely figure closely against him, pressing kiss after kiss on her quivering lips.

"I never loved a woman until I saw you, my darling—I never will love again as I love you! You believe that?"

"I believe it," she gasped bitterly.

"But how can I, how dare I, break with her? She is good and trusting—she loves me just as I love you, my sweet. How can I disgrace her, her proud people, by giving it all up now? Hazle, my darling you would not have me treat you so?"

"But you love me, you love me, you wouldn't want to," she pleaded, clinging to him.

"It must not," he said sharply. "It is giving me my death-blow, but I dare not consign that gentle loving girl to what would break her heart. Hazle, put your arm around my neck—so—so—there—now kiss me, dear, and let us say good-bye to this mad, hopeless happiness. Kiss me, Hazle!"

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Morning—clear and bright as crystal, and the softest of south-west winds blowing, when Marguerite looked out of her window with a saintly happiness on her face, a silent rapturous prayer in her heart.

Then—her mother came to her door, and requested to be admitted—a pale-faced horrified-eyed woman whom her child scarcely recognised.

"Mamma! What is the matter?" she said instantly.

"I think it will hurt you very much—perhaps break your heart—but it is best you should know at once. Come this way, Marguerite, and I pray God to keep you—to shield you in His own way."

Mrs. Day was like an inspired priestess, and Marguerite stood like a statue—lost in vague thrills of horror and fear.

Then her pallid lips spoke.

"What—what—has happened? What—to—Tom?"

An agonised little groan answered her, and then Mrs Day took her hand and led her to the boudoir in the suite of rooms assigned to Hazle Rose's use during her visit.

And there, lying on the elegant little silken couch, just as Marguerite had seen him last, the late evening before, even to the blush rose bud in his coat—all dead and scentless now—there lay Tom Thornecrest dead!

And beside the couch, on a low hassock, her lemon-hued silken skirts trailing all about her, her lovely head leaned forward towards his, her hand nestled in his—was Hazle Rose, cold and still as he.

While on a little table stood the crimson goblet in which lay a few drops of the death-laden wine which she had given to him, and then—drained herself.

So together they had gone to that land where passion does not invade, and one fair girl took up the burden of her death in life that shall never be lifted this side eternity.

Telling a Fortune.

BY KATHARINE MORTIMER.

MISS JANE BEAGLE had lived years enough in this wicked world to know that even single blessedness is not always quite satisfactory to its possessor. When young, and in possession of her particular share of beauty, she had flirted with several admirers; but she went too far when she refused Billy Winkum because he was poor and unknown, for Billy had in him that stuff which makes a man rise in some places—opinions of his own, a loud voice, a feeling that he was "as good as anybody else, if not better," and a talent for making speeches, so that in those years that had changed his old lady-love from "that there handsome Jane Beagle" to "Miss Jane Beagle, that hasn't ever married," he had risen in the world, and was a person of such distinction that no one would have dared to call him Billy Winkum. Mr. William Warrington Winkum was his designation; and a finer coat, more watch-chain, or a larger diamond in his cravat were owned by no one in Billberry.

He had never married, but that made him all the more desirable to Billberry society. He met Miss Jane very often there: and now Jane would willingly have proved to him that her decisive "No!" of fifteen years before had been repented of.

However, concealment did not seem to prey like a worm in the bud on Mr. Winkum's damask cheek. He built himself a house on the hill, wherein he installed as housekeeper his remarkable old grandmother, who had out-lived fourteen children, and at ninety walked, rode, talked, and ate with an energy not often met with in women of forty.

Oh, that house, with its bright bricks, its new shutters, its elaborate roof, its stately chimneys, its balcony, and its interior of Brussels carpets, real lace curtains, and velvet drawing-room furniture. How often Jane Beagle said to herself, "All this might have been mine if I had had Billy." She said it to herself very often, one day, about house-cleaning time, when she was doing her best with the shabby old house that was all her own now. One after the other had slipped out of it—some were married and some were dead—nobody remained.

"I don't think I can stand it much longer," sighed Jane; "I must take lodgers, or something. Nobody to speak to all day long. If I feel ill, nobody to do for me. I like a handsome house, but I sha'n't ever have one."

She said it aloud—a habit of talking to herself had grown upon her lately—but to her surprise she was answered on the instant.

"Why, who knows?" said a voice; "you may have the handsomest house in the town yet. Who knows? Don't you want me to tell you?"

"Good gracious!" cried Jane, jumping to her feet; "who is that?"

"It's only me, ma'am," replied a stout, dark woman, with a big straw hat, trimmed with poppies, on her head, and with big rings of gold in her ears, who sat upon the door-sill, and smiled up at her merrily "It's only a poor gipsy, wandering over the world to tell folks fortunes for 'em. Have yours told, lady?"

What woman does not believe in her inmost heart that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in philosophy?

What single woman doubts that somewhere upon earth fate keeps the other half of her soul?

"It would be awfully foolish," said she; "but nobody will ever know, and I think I'll do it."

She felt in her pocket for some change. It was not there. She had given it, she now remembered, to the man that had mended the tin pans that morning. And she went to the drawer of the little book case with a sliding desk in it, which stood in the sitting-room, to get it. The gipsy followed her, chatting, laughing, hinting at things that brought blushes to Jane's cheek. She peeped into the drawer. There lay the silver spoons and forks, the sugar-tongs, a brooch set with pearls, Jane's only costly bit of jewelry, and a purse full of gold and silver. Miss Beagle drew her little income once a quarter, and kept it in the house in fear of the savings bank—which had once ceased payment for a while.

The bright eyes, set so close together in the gipsy's head, saw all at a glance; and her smile was very bright as Miss Jane put the shilling into her hand.

"I've taken a notion to you," she said, looking at the palm of the useful if not beautiful hand that lay in hers. "There's luck afore you. There's one that liked you, and that you liked, not far off. Eh?"

Jane blushed again.

"He'd give you a handsome house, and set you up in your carriage," added the gipsy. "Now come, own it, lady; your heart is towards him."

"He don't care whether it is or not," sighed Jane, unaware that she had spoken.

"Lady," said the gipsy, solemnly, "I have a greater power. I can bring together the disunited. I can cure love-troubles. Do as I tell you, and he shall come to you again."

"What am I to do?" asked Jane, carried away by her own emotions and the gipsy's dramatic manner.

"I'll tell you, lady," said the gipsy. "Kneel down here beside this chair. Let me cover your face with this handkerchief. Don't be afraid: it's clean; it's a magic handkerchief. Now think of him. Think of him you like, and don't move until I bid you."

People in love are generally a little mad. I am afraid, and Jane had been hopelessly treasuring the image of Mr. William Warrington Winkum in her heart for many years. She did what the gipsy bade her.

The next moment she found the handkerchief tied tightly over her head, and the next her hands were tied also with a stout cord.

She screamed, but someone was tying her feet together.

"It's no use, lady," said the gipsy's voice, blandly. "I've got the key of the drawer, and I sha'n't hurt you. I'll just help myself and go."

The spoons jingled. Miss Jane could not see, but she knew that the contents of the drawer were being transferred to the gipsy's pocket, and she screamed and struggled vainly.

About an hour after the gipsy had left, Mr. William Warrington Winkum drove past Jane's house in a light dogcart. He was fond of lilacs, and stopped to gather a bunch that hung over the fence from a full bush. In old times Jane had picked such lilacs for him from this bush. As he put them to his nose, a scream struck his ear.

"Something is the matter," he cried; and without stopping to tie his horse, he ran into the garden, and up the path to the house.

The kitchen was empty, the scrubbing-brush on the floor, the pail upset. The gipsy had done that as she departed.

Another scream was heard. William rushed into the inner room, and found Jane with her head tied up in a black silk handkerchief, and her feet and hands bound.

In a moment he had her untied. The next she sat in her chair. "Such a sight!" she said to herself; but Mr. William Warrington Winkum noticed that she had nice plump arms under her tucked-up sleeves, and that her big, frightened eyes were very blue indeed. Happily she had not shed a tear.

"I've been tied here for I don't know how long, Mr. Winkum," she said. "Oh, how thankful I am you came by. I've been robbed—robbed of everything I have—my silver, my money, my jewelery. What I shall do I don't know!"

"Unprotected women," said Mr. Winkum seriously, "ought not to reside in any house alone."

"Sometimes," said Jane, "she can't well help it."

It was so singular, in that old calico, with

such shoes, and no back braid—for that was hanging over her bureau glass up stairs—Miss Jane could never half believe it; but then and there William Warrington Winkum changed suddenly into only an older Billy Winkum, and said, without an oratorical flourish or a big word, "Jane, you don't need to live alone. I've always liked you, and I sort of think, after all, you've always liked me. Have me, won't you?"

"Not even my back braid on," thought Jane Beagle, afterwards. But all she said was, "Oh, Billy, I was such a goose fifteen years ago!"

"I'm glad Billy had sense to marry a settled old maid," said Grandma Winkum, at the wedding. "Gals is so highty-tighty, and widders is so kinder overrulin' and upsettin.' Old maids is kinder thankful and willin' to please."

But Jane was too happy to be offended by anything any woman could say.

Our Young Folks.

LITTLE BEVIS.

BY LYDIA CAMPLIN.

I WONDER whether the little people who live all the year round in places where there are trees and meadows, and wild flowers, and all sorts of living things, ever trouble themselves to find out what curious and interesting ways these wonders of Nature have.

Little city folks, who live nearly always among the bricks and mortar which have driven away the trees, and leveled the sloping green fields, tearing down their hedges and driving forth the many creatures who found homes in them, cannot, in their brief holidays, grow very learned in such matters, but even they, by using their eyes diligently, may discover all sorts of extraordinary things, which will make their holiday ten times more amusing, and give them such an additional interest in God's beautiful creation, that they will return to a fresh study of it each year with increased delight.

I was reading a fable the other day, in which a little boy who lived in a farmhouse, and was always watching the trees, animals, flowers, and animals, and even the insects, became so familiar with them that he learned to converse with them.

They told him a great many strange things which greatly interested the little fellow, and give any one who are fortunate enough to have read the book all sorts of new ideas about these lovely creatures, for under the fable I found there was hidden away a great deal of truth, and yet it was not so deeply hidden but that anyone might discover it.

Perhaps some of our readers, and especially those who are living or staying in the country, may like to hear some of the incidents that so interested me in this fable.

First, I think I should like to tell them something about the weasel.

What sort of a little animal do you think a weasel is?

Did you ever see or hear about one? If so, perhaps you know that he is a very cunning little fellow, always on the lookout for himself; and very wideawake indeed to his own interests.

He is the most difficult little fellow to catch, for he always seems to know what plans people lay for his capture—he is so sharp and cunning.

The weasel in my fable was a very knowing one indeed; but I have no doubt there are others as cunning if we were only clever enough to see it.

The little boy, whose name was Bevis, went out one morning and found the old weasel in a trap, but Bevis, being a kind-hearted little boy, listened to the weasel's story—that he had been a very good weasel, and had been catching but horrid rats that ate the barley meal, and acceded to his request to be let out.

Just as Bevis was opening the trap a little mouse squeaked near him, and began imploring him not to release the wicked weasel.

He only killed the rats, the mouse said, when he found them asleep, and he had murdered his little wife, sucking her blood, and leaving her poor body all dry and withered.

He had killed the little baby mouses too, in the same way, so that Mr. Mouse was terrified out of his life.

The wily old weasel entered into a long explanation to show that it was very right and proper of him to do what he had and that it had been to save the mouse from worse misfortunes.

Bevis was at first very sorry for the mouse but in the end he let the weasel go. Of course he darted away, and Bevis forgot all about him.

But by and by Bevis met a hare, who was crying very bitterly all by herself, while the sun was shining bright and the wind blowing sweetly, and the flowers smelling pleasantly, and the lark singing overhead. The hare was so miserable that she would not speak to Bevis at first, but when he coaxed her she said, "Bevis, do you know what you have done?"

Bevis could not think till the hare told him that he had let the wicked weasel loose when he was at last caught in a trap, and how he had stolen up to the leveret, the hare's young son, while he was sleeping, and had killed him: so the hare was very unhappy. "Perhaps the weasel only killed the leveret for your good, Bevis said.

At which the hare was very indignant, and asked Bevis how it was he could not see that that would be a series of falsehoods. Then he told Bevis that the weasel was so cunning that he made people believe anything he chose, and that he had deceived every one of the field creatures.

"There is not one of all the animals in the hedge, nor one of the birds in the trees, that he has not cheated," the hare said. "Why, do you know he has made the people believe that his crimes are committed by the fox, who consequently bears the disgrace; and not only that, but he has spread it abroad that the fox is the most cunning of all, in order that he may not be suspected of being as cunning as he is.

"Of course you did not know, when you let him out of the trap, what trouble we had had to get him in."

Then the hare described how they had all conspired together to trap the wicked weasel who did them all so much injury.

I cannot tell you all about that, it would take too long. Everything—even trees, and the grass, and the earth—lent its aid, in order to trap the weasel; but he escaped them always, till one day, when he was pursuing a rabbit, she ran into a drain and he followed her.

Then the earth squeezed out a stone between the weasel and the rabbit, and another one beyond him, so that he could go neither backward nor forward; and here he was likely to die of starvation.

While he was dying the rat came to taunt him, but the cunning old weasel took the opportunity to make the rat believe that the trap was set for him, so the rat, overcome with rage, and to spite the others, helped the weasel out.

This is the way he did it. He brought a little piece from a fungus, and scratched a little hole beside the stone and put it there. When this began to grow, and the fungus pushed up, it moved the stone and opened the chink.

The fungus grew so quickly that the weasel could see it move, and very slowly it lifted up the stone.

At last the wretched weasel, who was compelled to eat his own tail, crawled and crept away.

But the rat after all was sorry he helped him, for he look so greedy and ferocious that he feared he might fasten upon him, so he tried to get rid of the old fellow.

Pretending to show him the way to a mouse's hole, where he would find a meal, he sent him right by the trap which had indeed been set by the bailiff for the rat, but which the rat knew all about.

The grass, knowing that the animals wanted to get the weasel into the trap, had tried to grow faster and hide it, but could not get on very well because the weather was so dry; but, however, the wind managed to blow a dead leaf across in such a way as to cover all that the grass could not. So the weasel was trapped at last; but after all this plotting and contriving Bevis had let him out.

The wind told as many animals as he could that the weasel was out again, but he could not reach the hare, because he had to blow east that day and could not find him, so the wicked weasel came and killed three leverets before their mother knew that the creature was anywhere about.

Little Bevis was so angry when he heard all this that he declared he would shoot the weasel.

However, the clever old weasel always managed to get free, although once again he got caught in the trap, where Bevis found him half dead, and picking up a stone declared that he would smash him.

"Oh, Bevis!" said the weasel with a gasp, "I shall be dead in a minute."

And Bevis saw his head fall back.

"Are you dead?" said Bevis; "are you quite dead," putting down the brick, for he could not bear to see the thing in such distress.

The weasel told him he was just going to die, and begged him to take him out of the trap, and lay his limbs straight on the grass and dig a hole and bury him.

Then the weasel turned over and apparently died.

Bevis then laid him straight upon the grass.

Then he ran away to fetch a spade; but when he came back, the weasel had disappeared!

A robin close by said to Bevis, "What have you done?" for the weasel was not dead, and scarcely injured.

When Bevis understood that the weasel had shammed and escaped he burst into tears, and threw his spade at the robin.

A kind little squirrel who naturally knew a great deal about trees, gave Bevis some very good advice. He begged the little boy not to lie under the elms, but Bevis would, and declared they could not hurt him. But the squirrel said they could, and told him that elms were very treacherous, and had a trick of dropping heavy boughs on people as they stood underneath.

"Trees can do a great deal, I can tell you," said the squirrel; "why I have known a tree when it could not drop a bough fall down altogether, when there was not a breath of wind or any lightning."

"But oaks do not fall, do they?" asked Bevis.

"Oh, no," said the squirrel; "the oak is a very good tree, and so is the beech, and the ash, and many more, though I am not quite so sure of the horse-chestnut; but the elm is not—if he can, he will do something spiteful."

"I never go up an elm if I can help it. The only fall I ever had was out of an elm, when I ran up one to get away from the weasel.

"I put my foot on a dry branch, and the elm, like a treacherous thing let it go, and down I went crash. As for you, dear, do not sit under an elm, for you will very likely be sorry. There is always a draught and I don't know. And elms are so present they will wait sixty or seventy years to do somebody an injury. If they have not a branch ready to fall they will let the rain in at a knot-hole, and so make it rotten inside, though it will look green without. That elm across there is quite rotten inside, yet people say, 'What a splendid tree.' so my dear Bevis, do not think that because a thing has neither ears nor legs nor arms nor eyes, it will not hurt you. There is the earth for instance; you may stamp on her, and she will not say anything, but she is always lying in wait all the time. Be very careful how you put your head out of a window, or climb a tree, for she will pull you down if you are not careful. There is something lying in wait to make you fall, which has been there ever since the beginning of the world. You cannot see it, but it is there as you may prove by putting your cap out of the window, which in a second will be drawn down, just as you would if you were put out of the window."

A great deal more advice of the same kind the wise squirrel gave Bevis. And all the animals were so friendly and talkative, that he heard all sorts of strange things from them; but although I am afraid they would not favor us so highly, we can, if we will, learn a great many of their secrets without being told them; and when we discover that each animal and insect has its own special peculiarities, must we not feel what a wonderful Being it is who has created the world, endowing even His very meanest creatures with such powers.

RUNNING AWAY.

BY WILSON BENNOIL.

MRS. HOLMS was reading a letter just received from a young friend, yet you could not have guessed the cause of her merriment, even had you been peeping over her shoulder.

This was the petition that amused her so much—

"Now, dear auntie"—Ruby always called Mrs. Holms auntie, though not at all related—"I am coming to spend a month with you. Do you wonder why I have changed my mind about my long talked of visit to Cheltenham with dear Mrs. Manning? It is this; though I love Mrs. M—— very much, she has one insufferable hobby, which is, 'my son,' 'my dear Bernard,' 'my little blonde boy.'

"He has been educated in Germany, and ever since we have arranged this summer's trip, she has had her letters full of this paragon, who is to make himself especially agreeable to me, and——

"Well, auntie, you know this sort of thing does not exactly suit me, and as it gets constantly worse, instead of better, I have concluded to run away instead of waiting for the end. In other words, to run away from society—and Bernard Manning."

"I am not going to tell the secret certainly," Mrs. Holms laughed softly to herself. "She does not know that, 'my dear Bernard' is a son by a former marriage, and no Manning at all; hence she will not recognize him.

"On the other hand he has always heard of her as Roberta, and I never call her anything but Ruby. They are mutually running away from each other, and it is a very circular flight, as they will meet in the same place."

She glanced out through the open window at a tall young gentleman, swinging lazily in a hammock under the trees.

He had arrived that morning unceremoniously, and this is what he said on coming up smiling-faced.

"Mrs. Holms, I am playing truant. I want to ruralize for awhile, and do not know any other place where it can be done so pleasantly as here."

"You are as welcome as sunshine after rain, Mr. Alston," she replied, shaking his hand warmly.

"It seems such an age since you were here. I suppose you have returned from Germany with a very finished education. It is kind of you to remember old friends."

"Mother is as near angry as it is possible for her to be with one she idolizes as she does myself, at my leaving her in this style, but I declare to you Mrs. Holms, it was more than I could bear.

"You remember, doubtless, that I have always been very much in love with my mother, but she has picked up some new favorite, Miss Roberta Gray, worth a hundred thousand, only child, etc., and has given me away to her completely. I have half promised to join them next month, but it will take me some time to work myself up to the point of endurance, when I can play the agreeable to this fairhaired young lady. My mother adores blondes, as witness her fondness for myself."

Bernard Alston was a blonde, but there was nothing effeminate about him.

He was tall, broad shouldered, and carried his head like a king, his yellow hair tossed back carelessly from his broad high forehead.

You would not talk five minutes with him before you knew he was strong and masterful, a man to whom any woman would be proud to own allegiance.

The object of her scrutiny arose now, and coming towards the house, she beckoned him.

"I have news for you Bernard. I have just received a letter from your friend. She is coming to visit us, and will arrive to-morrow, so the farm will not be so lonely after all. This little girl is a Gray too—Ruby Gray—but she is scarcely grown yet, and you need not pay her any attention unless you feel inclined, but I know it will be refreshing to you to meet a wild flower as Ruby after your protracted siege of society belles."

Bernard Alston met her at the station the next afternoon, and they were fast friends before the farmhouse gate was reached.

"Such a dear unsophisticated little thing," he remarked to Mrs. Holms, after the young lady had retired from the room to remove the dust of travel and to freshen up her toilette.

She was a decided brunette, hair and eyes as black as midnight, soft velvety olive skin that blushed like the heart of a rose on either cheek, a small red mouth, and even white teeth.

Mr. Alston was more than half in love with her at once.

The long summer days passed by like a dream.

There were horseback rides in the early morning; then the heat of the day was passed with reading and music; but most delightful of all was the long ramble in the cool of the evening, when the setting sun was bathing hill and dale in its golden glory.

A month had passed since the young people were domiciled in the country.

There was to be a grand ball at the principal hotel in the town, near which Mrs. Holms lived.

The family all intented going over to it, and secured rooms beforehand.

On the evening of the ball, Mr. Alston and Mrs. Holms were awaiting the ladies in a private parlor, and when they made their appearance Bernard Alston could scarcely recognize in the vision of loveliness before him the Ruby of the past few weeks.

He looking on bitterly that evening as first one gentleman, and then another, led the Ruby out in the dance.

"Yes, she was his," he said to himself, "no one else should have her."

The first moment he could find her disengaged he drew her hand within his arm and led her out to the moonlight.

"Oh, Ruby, little one, I must speak!" he began passionately. "I thought that I had my jewel all to myself, but others see the sparkle, as well as I, of the pure gem.

"Oh my darling, my beauty, I do love you, my whole heart is yours, to do with as you will. Can you learn to love me, Ruby, darling? You must tell me so, my sweet, it is not fair to deprive me of the bliss of hearing those precious words, Say, 'Bernard I love you!'"

And as she obeyed, he was fain to seal the lips with another, and still another kiss.

They rode back to the farm house later that night, and though Mr. and Mrs. Holms complained of fatigue, the lovers found it quite delightful.

Mr. Alston was up early next morning; his bliss was too new to allow him to take life soberly.

Ruby was up also, and looking out of the window, so he called to her:

"Do come down, Ruby; I am all impatience waiting for your dear self."

He met her in the parlor, took her in his arms in a close embrace, giving her a lingering kiss, and then led her to the tete-a-tete, and sat by her side.

"My pet, I could not sleep last night for very joy in the happiness that is mine. I mean Bernard that I ran away. You do not mind, let me explain. My mother, Mrs. Manning," Ruby's face clouded a little at this name, "had a very attractive programme for the summer's amusement, and I really did intend to accompany her party but who had become so attached to a Miss Gray that——

It started now and listened for you may be sure explanation was made, and when it was over Ruby's face was a study to behold, so many emotions chased each other over it, surprise, love, and last of all indignation, until Bernard could stand it no longer.

The smiles were chasing each other fast over Ruby's face now.

"Do you blame me, pet? I felt as if I could not endure a season of devoted attention to a purse-proud society belle."

Ruby began to laugh, such a mirthful hearty laugh.

"What can amuse you so, my darling; is this at my expense?" he asked, laughing too, for her mirth was contagious.

"Are you Bernard Manning?" she at length found breath to ask.

"No, my sweet; I am Bernard Alston, but my mother is Mrs. Manning, nevertheless."

"Well, then, don't you see how ludicrous it all is?" and she began laughing again. "I am Roberta Gray, and I ran away from you, too. I felt as if I could not pass the summer with that insufferable fop, Mrs. Manning's dear Bernard."

"But you are Ruby, not Roberta."

"My name is Roberta, papa and Mrs. Holms call me Ruby. Ah, Bernard, how sorry I am that you cannot endure that petite proud, stuck-up society belle."

"Do not [illegible] to kiss, adding the pretty amends which followed. "I think we are quits, if you can stand Mrs. Manning's insufferably foppish son."

"We ran away from each other dear, and we will have to acknowledge that we are check-mated."

Mrs. Holms was very proud to tell them that she had been enjoying the joke for the month past.

So they joined the party at Cheltenham after all, much to Mrs. Manning's gratification.

The engagement was immediately announced after their arrival there, and Bernard Alston's betrothal ring sparkles on Ruby's finger.

There is to be a grand wedding when autumn comes, for Mr. Alston will not wait longer to grow old in. He says she cannot be too young for marriage.

[illegible] its roll, water extinguishes fire, the [illegible] storms despite [illegible] and death is the [illegible] "says Solomon, "save with [illegible] death."

Grains of Gold.

Want of good sense is the worst of poverty.

There's not one wise man among twenty will praise himself.

If you trust before you try, you may repent before you die.

Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year.

Though the wolf may lose his teeth he never loses his inclination.

Immoderate pleasures shorten the existence more than any remedies prolong it.

Knowledge without justice becomes craft; courage without reason becomes rashness.

Cheerfulness or joyfulness is the heaven under which everything not poisonous thrives.

If mortals could discover the science of conquering themselves we should have perfection.

Hope only takes wings for flight upon the last breath of man, and then it mounts to heaven.

Wisdom is the principal thing, therefore get wisdom, and with all thy getting get understanding.

It is as easy to draw back a stone thrown with force from the hand as to recall a word once spoken.

He that loveth silver shall not be satisfied with silver; nor he that loveth abundance with increase.

Lying is the first resource of ignorance; but what shall we do when we do not know the truth? Be silent.

Beware of those who are homeless by choice. You have no hold on a man whose affections have no tap-root.

The incapacity of men to understand each other is one of the principal causes of their ill-temper towards each other.

Weak minds make treaties with the passions they cannot overcome and try to purchase happiness at the expense of principle.

An exacting temper is one against which to guard both one's own heart and the nature of those who are under our control and influence.

A sacred regard to the principles of justice forms the basis of every transaction, and regulates the conduct of the upright man of business.

Emulation looks out for merits that she may exalt herself by a victory; envy spies out blemishes that she may lower another by his defeat.

A man who shows himself too well satisfied with himself, is seldom pleased with others and they, in return, are little disposed to like him.

"Politeness," says Witherspoon, "is real kindness kindly expressed," which is an admirable definition, and so brief that all may easily remember it.

The knowledge which is necessary is selfevidence, and for all practical purposes conscience is the best casuist, and to do as we would be done by, the safest rule.

Those who speak always, and those who never speak, are equally unfit for friendship. A good proportion of the talent of listening and speaking is the basis of social virtues.

Whatever our place allotted to us by Providence, that for us is the post of honor and duty. God estimates us not by the position we are in, but by the way in which we fill it.

A tender conscience is an estimable blessing—that is, a conscience not only quick to discern what is evil, but instantly to shun it, as the eyelid closes itself against the mote.

To give and to allow, to suffer and to bear, are graces more to the purpose of a noble life than cold, expecting watchfulness, which must have let who will go without, which will not yield let who will break.

What a thing it is to be cheerful, and to have cheerful people about one! Life, except during the pressure of its terrible calamities, always has a bright side, and those who look at that side are for the wisest.

A noble man compares and estimates himself by an idea which is higher than himself, and a mean man by one which is lower than himself. The one produces aspiration; the other ambition. Ambition is the way in which a vulgar man aspires.

If you want knowledge, you must toil for it; if food, you must toil for it; and if pleasure, you must toil for it. Pleasure comes through toil, and not by self-indulgence and indolence. When one gets to love work, his life is a happy one.

It is a curious and suggestive truth, which however, is seldom perceived by those most interested in it, that all affectation of superiority, on whatever ground it may be based, produces exactly the opposite impression to that which it aims to convey.

The truths that are being constantly presented to the mind through influences at work all around us are not merely intellectual. In some way or the other most of them touch the region of duty; and it is the secret of vital morality to discover in each case what the message is.

If you think it right to differ from the [illegible] on a point of purely practical morals, do it, however rashly, however antiquated it may appear; do it, not for insolence, but seriously as a man who wore a soul of his own in his bosom, and did not wait until it was breathed into him by the breath of fashion.

Money Saved.

A gentleman in [illegible], writing for Compound Oxygen for his daughter, writes, "She is in better health now than she has been before. I consider her case perfectly restored. By the middle of next month we shall have saved more than fifty or one hundred dollars since I commenced its use last August. No purchase of medicine, no call of physician. I consider it one of economy." Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, containing large reports and full [illegible] sent free. Address DR. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Femininities.

A street car pin is a good thing if it isn't too near the front gate—so the girls say.

Advice to wives—Man is very much like an egg; keep him in hot water and he is bound to become hard-boiled.

The men who make fewest conquests among women of the world are those who have the best opinion of them.

There are 250 widows in Virginia City, Nevada. The husbands of most of them were miners, who were victims of accidents.

Why is it that the "best man" at a wedding is never the groom? Simply because the average woman marries the worst man of her acquaintance.

It isn't so much the beauty of the thing as the thought of the other hearts that will ache which makes the thoroughly fashionable woman delight in her new bonnet.

There are three prominent phases of a woman's life all visibly connected: As a baby, she's hugged; as a young woman, she's hugged; as a wife, she's humbugged.

Mary is fixing her Bang. Pretty soon her fleas will come, and it will be rumpled. Does her Father know of this? No; or he would be wearing his box-toed Boot.

The Parisian hair-dressers complain of a growing and blameworthy disposition in ladies to dress their own hair, dispense with professional coiffeurs, and wear no false tresses.

"Now, let us talk about your business affairs," said a sharp girl to a young fellow, after he had proposed marriage to her in a long address filled with expressions of passionate love.

"What is the greatest charge on record?" asked the professor of history. And the absent-minded student answered: "Seventeen dollars for hack hire for self and girl two hours."

The man who swears to his girl that he would go to the end of the earth for her, won't often, after marriage, go to the drug-store but one square away for soothing syrup for the howling baby.

"There may be such a thing as love at first sight," remarked an unsophisticated girl, "but I don't believe in it. In fact, I shouldn't have fallen in love when I did, if his father hadn't given him that nice little farm."

The retort courteous: He (after proposing and being rejected)—"I suppose in the end you will be marrying some idiot of a fellow—" She (breaking in)—"Excuse me, if I meant to do that I should have accepted your offer."

A sweet girl graduate in New Hampshire is learning the watch-cleaning trade. Just as we expected. One of these tender, sentimental young things cleaned us out of a watch once, and now the art is to be more thoroughly developed.

A Lewiston (Mass.) paper says that a farmer in that town, who did not look with favor on a suitor for his daughter's hand, seized the young man when he escorted her home from church on Sunday night week, locked him up in a stable and kept him there till Tuesday noon.

What numberless sources of unhappiness bestrew the female pathway! When a young lady goes to an entertainment and sees a lady friend accompanied by a gentleman she does not know, she does not enjoy the performance a bit, and she is occupied the whole evening in wondering who the stranger is.

"Angeline, my dear, you should not sit on the verandah, in the edge of the evening. You will contract malaria," said a careful mother. "I know it, ma," was the cheerful reply. "That what I'm trying to do. All our set have the malaria. It is quite the idea, I assure you." What could mamma say?

It will doubtless bring tears to the eyes of many sensitive readers to learn that there has been received in Baltimore, from Albuquerque, New Mexico, a white onion weighing one pound and ten ounces. Those who can control themselves sufficiently to look at it without weeping, say that it is "quite a curiosity."

A wife must study never to draw largely upon the small stock of patience in man's nature, nor to increase his obstinacy by trying to drive him; never, if possible, to have scenes. It is doubtful if a real quarrel, even if made up, does not loosen the bond between man and wife, and sometimes, unless the affection be very sincere, lasting.

A Galveston couple belonging to the highest circle that had not been married very long, were overheard conversing a few evenings ago. "George, you seem to have grown cold and indifferent. Do you never think of those happy strolls we used to take when we were only engaged?" "Yes," he snarled, "I think of those happy days before we were married every time you open your potato trap."

A matter-of-fact young man from New York, during a visit in Boston, received an invitation from a lady requesting his presence at her house "to meet two minds." It happened that he had just accepted an invitation to dine elsewhere on the same evening, and so he replied, expressing his regrets that he could not avail himself of the opportunity "to meet two minds with a single thought, as previously engaged to meet four at home."

Gambetta, the French statesman, as recently stated, is not very fond of the society of women. A friend asked him why he hadn't married, and the Premier rejoined:—"Because I have too many other things to do." It was pointed out to him that some of the wives of his colleagues were hardly likely to shine socially, and again he replied:—"I have secured my colleagues' services on account of their own political merits and not on account of the social merits of their wives. I regard them as bachelors, not as married men."

Scientifically considered, a hearty kiss resembles in principle nothing so much as the action by which the lump-sucker fish attaches itself to a stone or that of the leather "suckers" with which urchins delight to lift pebbles. The lips of the kisser are pressed against those of the kissee, a slight exhaustation of air is caused by a "drawing" action on the part of the agent active, and the two actors on the farce are temporarily attached to each other by the pressure of external air. The kisser ceases to exhaust the air within his mouth, the attachment is broken, the farce ended.

News Notes.

Out of 3,772 [illegible] on the campus at Erie, Pa., 2,02[illegible] are studying German.

Chicago sends plows to Mexico, the Sandwich Islands, and New Zealand.

A national conference of prohibitionists will be held at Chicago March 1 and 2.

An opera audience sat with umbrellas up, at Marshall, Mich., because the roof leaked.

Some of the semi-aesthetes of Boston are having their marble mantels painted in imitation of wood.

A new law in Kansas forbids any person marrying within six months after procuring a divorce.

Chicago handled enough lumber last year to build fourteen thousand miles of board fence six boards high.

It is said that bookings are already secured by the agents of the different steamship lines for 300,000 emigrants.

A man named John Brogden made a key from the round of a chair and escaped by its use from a Georgia jail.

Last year the number of cigars manufactured in New York City was 625,000,000, besides 325,000,000 cigarettes.

Smith Wright, of Williston, Vt., annually fattens 3,000 to 4,000 turkeys, 2,000 to 3,000 geese, and 1,500 to 2,500 ducks.

St. Paul's Cathedral, London, is to have a new big bell, the largest in the kingdom, weighing over seventeen tons.

The Mormons expect 1,500 converts from London next month, comprising a number of families and about 300 unmarried women.

The keeper of a Chicago gaming establishment says that in 1881 there passed over the gaming tables of that city $5,000,000.

The Mayor of Norfolk, Va., has prohibited a raffle for the benefit of the orphan asylums of that city, as being contrary to law.

A medical journal states that in the city of London there are twenty physicians of reputation whose incomes range from $25,000 to $100,000 a year.

Potatoes cut into tiny cubes and sprinkled with arsenic are breaking up a plague of field-mice in France, where the evil has been decidedly injurious to crops.

Prince Bismarck excels in the employment of a particular class of spies, who are known to his countrymen as "reptiles." They are always [illegible].

A French photographer takes a photograph in the the hundredth part of a second, and is showing a series of six of a clown obtained during a single leap.

A little girl has died in Mobile, Alabama, from the effects of the bite of a cat. The wound had healed, but she was attacked with hydrophobia and died in a few hours.

At the recent rite of organization in Rome the silver trumpets which used to sound from the dome of St. Peter's as the Pope elevated the Host, were used for the first time since 1870.

A Boston lady who has a gymnasium for girls, cures curvature of the spine by putting bean bags on the heads of the heads of the patients, and having the latter walk around the room so straight as not to drop them.

A terrapin was seen devouring a rabbit in Pennsylvania county, Va., last week. The rabbit was held fast till the head was eaten off, and then the terrapin began on the legs. Several persons witnessed the strange sight.

Silk culture in Louisiana has of late become a thriving industry, and to-day promises an abundant production. The mulberry trees have escaped injury by frost, and the silk worms are increasing in quality and numbers handsomely.

The State line between Pennsylvania and Ohio has recently been surveyed and is now being marked by stone monuments which project one foot above the ground. They are four feet deep, and are dressed to a point and appropriately inscribed.

The Toronto *Mail* makes the statement that some portions of Montreal are so overrun with hungry rats that rats frequently become food for their voracious appetites. They will fall upon pussy in battalions, and when they depart a few bones and a little fur only remain.

One of the sons of the late President, the second, has been offered an appointment at West Point or the Naval Academy, as he might decide. He has declined both, saying that he preferred to earn his living in his own way, and not be looked upon as an orphan of the country.

Chicago had homicides in 1879, 80 in 1880, and 38 in the first 11 months of 1881. There were 101 persons accused, and of these only 23 have been sent to the Penitentiary. One died before trial, and there are nine in jail. There were 9 murders and other homicides for which no one was punished.

A Baltimore 11-year-old boy dreamed that some men were trying to kill him and attempted to get away from them. His father, awakened by the noise, entered the boy's room and found him hanging, fast asleep, by the hands from the sill of the window, which was in the second story. He rescued him with difficulty.

The pistol fund proposed for Rev. Dr. Gage, of Hartford, Conn., who captured the burglars a few weeks ago, swelled to $113, and as the Colt Company got the start of the subscribers by giving the doctor a handsome weapon, he will buy books with the money. The burglar refuses to attend Sunday services in jail, saying mournfully, "I've had enough of ministers."

It Seems Impossible

That a remedy made of such common, simple plants as Hops, Buchu, Mandrake, Dandelion, &c., should make so many and such great cures as Hop Bitters do; but when old and young, rich, and poor, pastor and doctor, lawyer and editor, all testify to having been cured by them, you must believe and try them yourself, and doubt no longer.

HEALTH IS WEALTH.

HEALTH OF BODY IS WEALTH OF MIND.

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

Pure blood makes sound flesh, strong bone and a clear skin. If you would have your flesh firm, your bones sound with out caries, and your complexion fair use RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body. QUICK, PLEASANT, SAFE and PERMANENT in its treatment and cure.

No [illegible] may be despised, no [illegible] may be neglected, no [illegible] may be doubted, no [illegible] may be feared, no [illegible] may be distrusted, no [illegible] may be disbelieved, no [illegible] may be disregarded, no [illegible] may be disputed, no [illegible] may be disputed, no [illegible] may be disputed

AND NOW DON'T GET THE OLD WASHBOILER MENDED, but Next Wash-Day Put Aside All Little Notions and Prejudices, And Give One Trial to The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes;

☞ And remember, this Advertisement would not be inserted in this paper if there was any humbug about it. ☜

☞ After getting the opinion of noted housekeepers it was decided to adopt what is probably the most liberal proposition ever made to the public. When a lady sees that it is to her interest to try the Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes, and cannot find the Soap at the store where she resides, she can get a cake by mail ONLY on the following FIVE conditions (persons who do not comply with all FIVE of these conditions must not expect any notice to be taken of their letters):

Make your promises VERY PLAIN, or the Soap will NOT be sent.

First—Inclose the retail price—10 cents—in money or stamps.
Second—Say in her letter that she saw the advertisement in the SATURDAY EVENING POST.
Third—Promise that the Soap shall be used on the whole of a regular family wash.
Fourth—Promise that the person sending will personally see that every little direction shall be strictly followed.
Fifth—Only One Cake of Soap must be sent for—it being a very expensive matter to send even one Cake.

Now, in return, the lady will get a regular ten-cent cake of Soap. To make it carry safely it will be put in a metal envelope that costs six cents; and fifteen cents in postage stamps will be put on; it will be enough to do a large wash, and there will be no excuse for any lady reader of the SATURDAY EVENING POST not doing away with all her wash-day troubles.

GENTLEMEN ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND FOR THE SOAP UNTIL THEIR WIVES HAVE PROMISED TO FAITHFULLY COMPLY WITH EVERY REQUIREMENT.

The Frank Siddalls Improved Way of Washing Clothes

Easy and Ladylike; Sensible Persons Follow These Rules Exactly, or Don't Buy the Soap.

The Soap Washes Freely in Hard Water. Don't Use Soda or Lye. Don't Use Borax or Ammonia. Don't Use Anything but THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP.

A WASHBOILER MUST NOT BE USED; NOT EVEN TO HEAT THE WASH-WATER.

Don't try the Soap on part of the Wash, but use it on the whole Wash, no matter how dirty. It answers for the finest Laces and Lace Curtains, Calico, fine Lawns, Woollens, Blankets, Flannels, etc., and also for the most Soiled Clothing of Butchers, Printers, Blacksmiths, Painters, Laborers, Mechanics, Mill Hands and Farmers.

Heat the wash water in the tea-kettle; the wash-water should only be lukewarm, and consequently a tea-kettle will answer for even a large wash. Be sure to try the tea-kettle the first time, no matter how odd it may seem.

A wash-boiler which stands unused several days at a time will have a deposit formed on it from the atmosphere, in spite of the most careful housekeeper, which injures some delicate ingredients that are in this Soap. ALWAYS USE LUKEWARM WATER. NEVER USE VERY HOT WATER, and wash the white flannels with the other white pieces. The less water that the clothes are put to soak in the better will be the result with the Frank Siddalls Soap.

FIRST.—Cut the Soap in half—it will go further. Dip one of the articles to be washed in the tub of water. Draw it out on the wash board and rub on the Soap lightly, not missing any soiled places. Then roll the article in a tight roll, just as a piece is rolled when it is sprinkled for ironing, and lay it in the bottom of the tub under the water, and so on until all the pieces have the Soap rubbed on them and are rolled up. Then go away for twenty minutes to one hour—by the clock—(*a full hour is the best*) and let the Soap do its work.

NEXT.—After soaking the full time commence by rubbing the clothes lightly on the wash-board, and all the dirt will drop out; turn the clothes inside out so as to get at the seams, but DON'T use any more Soap; DON'T scald or boil a single piece, or they will turn yellow; and DON'T wash through TWO suds. If the wash-water gets entirely too dirty dip some of it out and add a little clean water. Never rub hard, or the dirt will be rubbed in—but rub lightly and the dirt will drop out. All dirt can be readily got out in ONE suds; if a streak is hard to wash soap it again and throw back in the suds for a few minutes *but don't keep the soap on the wash board, nor lying in the water or it will waste.* ☞ Do not expect this Soap to wash out stains that are SET by the old way of washing although it will often do so. For unusual STAINS, hard to remove, rub more soap on and expose to the hot sun in Summer or freezing weather in Winter. If at any time the wash-water gets too cold to be comfortable add enough water out of the tea-kettle to warm it. Should there be too much lather use less Soap next time; if not lather enough, use more Soap.

NEXT comes the Rinsing—which is also to be done in lukewarm water, and is for the purpose of getting the dirty suds out, and is done as follows: Wash each piece lightly on the wash board through the rinse-water (without using any more Soap), and see that all the dirty suds are got out. Any smart Housekeeper will know just how to do this.

NEXT, the blue-water, which can be either lukewarm or cold. Use scarcely any bluing, for this Soap takes the place of bluing. Stir a piece of the Soap in the blue-water until the water gets decidedly soapy. Put the clothes through this soapy blue-water, wring them *and hang them out to dry without any more rinsing and without scalding or boiling a single piece, no matter how soiled any of the pieces may be.*

STAINS that cannot be removed by The Frank Siddalls Soap and The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing, cannot be removed by any other soap or any washing mixture, nor by scalding or boiling.

ALWAYS make the blue-water soapy, *and the less blueing the better;* there will always be more or less of a scum on the blue-water. *Do not skim this off.* The clothes when dry will *not* smell of the Soap, but will smell as sweet as new, and will iron the easier, and will dry as white and sweet in-doors as out in the air, and the clothes will look whiter the oftener they are washed this way. Afterward wash the colored pieces and colored flannels the same way as the other pieces. It is not a clean way to soak clothes over night. Such long soaking sets dirt and makes the clothes harder to wash. ☞ The starched pieces are to be starched exactly the same way as usual, *except that a small piece of the Soap dissolved in the starch is a wonderful improvement and also makes the pieces iron much easier.*

Where clothes have to lie over-night, on account of bad drying weather, where it is not convenient to dry them in-doors, they should be washed clean exactly by the above directions, then washed through a lukewarm rinse-water exactly by the above directions, so as to get the dirty suds out, *and then thrown into a tub of clean water made quite soapy,* to stand over night; next morning wring them out of that water and put through a soapy blue-water (which can either be lukewarm or cold), and out on the line.

Don't forget to try the Frank Siddalls Soap for the Toilet, the Bath, and for Shaving. It agrees with the skin of the most delicate infant. Always leave plenty of lather on the skin. Infants washed in this way will not get prickly heat and eruptions and sores which other soap often causes. Even a person of ordinary intelligence will know for certain that the long-continued use of a soap that is excellent for washing children cannot possibly injure delicate articles washed with it, no matter how quickly it may remove dirt.

The Frank Siddalls Soap is excellent for Washing Mirrors, Window Glass, Car Windows, and all kinds of Glass Vessels; also for Washing Milk Utensils, and for Removing the Smell from the Hands after Milking. When used for washing dishes it leaves the dishcloth splendid and clean, and the dishcloth never requires scalding. Where Water is scarce, or has to be carried far, it is well to know that a few Buckets of Water will answer for doing a large Wash when the Frank Siddalls Soap is used according to Directions.

If the place you deal with will not buy the Soap to accommodate you, or you think you are being overcharged for the Soap, try some other dealer, or write to our office, and—

Address all Letters: OFFICE OF THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP, 718 CALLOWHILL STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

AND NOW KICK AWAY THE OLD WASH-BOILER. Remember that Prejudice is a Sign of Ignorance.

In New York the Frank Siddalls Soap is sold by such Wholesale Houses as Williams & Potter, Francis H. Leggett & Co, Burkhalter, Masten & Co., Woodruff, Spencer & Stout, Adams & Howe, Mahnken & Moorhouse, Austin, Nichols & Co., Wright, Knox & Depew, and others, and by many Retail Grocers in New York and Brooklyn; is sold in Philadelphia by every Wholesale and Retail Grocer, and rapidly growing to be the most popular Soap in the United States.

New Publications.

Mr. John B. Alden, who organized the "Literary Revolution," which has given the people the best of books at such wonderfully low prices, does not give up the fight with the failure of the American Book Exchange. He and other friends have organized "The Useful Knowledge Publishing Company." The company proposes to begin immediately the publication of a series of cyclopædias—one of history, one of biography, one of science, one of choice prose literature, one of poetry, and one of religious literature—each of which cyclopædias will be in several large octavo volumes of over 1,000 pages each, at the price of $1.25 per volume, in cloth binding. Address "The Useful Knowledge Publishing Company, 162 William St., N. Y.

The new company which has secured the entire stock of the largest purchasers at the great November auction sale of the American Book Exchange's publications have now ready for delivery a limited supply of those standard and incomparably cheap books. Catalogues of the present stock with the new net prices will be sent by return mail. Specimen pages of the World's Dictionary of Language and Knowledge," now in preparation, double the size of Webster's Unabridged, at a fraction of its cost, will be ready in a few days

"A Child of Israel," by Edouard Cadol, is a powerful and deeply interesting romance of the heart. The plot is in the highest degree ingenious and original, while the skill with which it is unfolded is simply astonishing. It is published in a large square duodecimo volume, paper cover, uniform with "The Bridal Eve," by Mrs Southworth; price, 75 cents, and will be found for sale by all booksellers and at all news stands, and on all railroad trains, or copies will be sent to any one, at any place, at once, on remitting the price in a letter to the publishers, T. B. Peterson & Bros., this city.

"Aspasia," a romance of art and love in ancient Hellas, by Robert Hamerling, from the German by Mary J. Safford. It reads like a poem which seems to have been accidentally clad in the garb of prose. What we particularly admire in this brilliant work is the great skill with which the Greek local coloring is reproduced. The description of character is as truthful as it is interesting. "Aspasia" is a historical picture; for the incidents and persons within the limits of the story are in the main historical, only the minor accessories being imaginary. Both for its interest as a composition and its value as serving to throw light on certain historical events, customs and characters, it may be highly commended. In two volumes. Paper covers, $1 a set; cloth binding, $1.75. William S. Gottsberger, publisher, New York. For sale by Porter & Coates, this city.

"Toll the Bells Throughout the Nation," is a memorial to President Garfield, by Mrs Mary E Kail, of Ohio, printed on black bristol board in gold, suitable for framing.

MAGAZINES.

The January *Eclectic* has as a frontispiece a charming steel engraving entitled, The First Call. The literary contents are interesting in the highest degree, and comprise about a dozen papers, the leading ones being Naseby and Yorktown, by Prof. Goldwin Smith; Some Passages in the Life of a French Convict; Sheep-Hunting in the Mountains, by the Earl of Dunraven; City Life in the United States, by a Non-Resident American; Despair, Alfred Tennyson's new poem; The Physical Revolution of the Nineteenth Century, by F. R. Conder; The Geysers of the Yellowstone, by Professor Archibald Geikie. There is also fiction, poetry, literary, art, and scientific notes, etc. A new volume begins with this number, and the publisher will send to all subscribers remitting their subscriptions directly to the office a beautiful large steel engraving of "Marguerite," which is said to be worth the price of a year's subscription. Terms, $5 a year. Trial subscription for three months, $1. E. R. Pelton, publisher, New York.

The January number of *Potter's American Monthly* appears in a new cover, with twenty four pages of additional reading matter. The opening paper is from Miss C. F. Gordon-Cumming's Among Fijians. Journalism in Paris is a brilliant sketch of the editorial celebrities—Cassagnac, Mme. Adam, Jules Ferry, and Louise Michel. There are short papers on Grant as a Soldier; The Great en Dishabille, and A Holland Race-Course. Recreation Novelties in Fancy work has designs of thirteen articles. There are three short stories, and an instalment of the serial novel, Kith and Kin, by the author of The First Violin.

The *London Quarterly Review*, just issued, contains the following highly interesting articles: New Testament Revision, The New Greek Text; The Past and the Future of the Conservative Party; Dean Stanley's Christian Institutions; The Development of Electric Lighting; The Works of Alexander Pope; Luxury—Ancient and Modern; Jebb's Attic Orators; Free Trade and British Labor. Received from and for sale by Wm. B. Zieber, this city.

Humorous.

The proper place for undressed kids is in the bath-tub.

The fly that walks on oleomargarine is not the butter fly.

A book with a loose leaf should be bound over to keep the piece.

There is said to be a jolly old dog—a setter—in Boxton, who is nearly eighty years old. He is a type-setter.

Uncle Mose says: Politeness kin be carried too far. Tother day I lifted my hat ter a woman, an' lost de handkechif outen it.

Troublesome Children,

who are always wetting their beds, ought not to be scolded and punished for what they cannot help. They need a medicine having a tonic effect on the kidneys and the urinary organs. Such a medicine is Kidney-Wort. It has specific action. Do not fail to get it for them.—Exchange.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, stop at GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 350 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse-cars, stages, and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

Worth Sending For.

Dr. J. H. Schenck, of this city, has just published a book on "Diseases of the Lungs and How They Can be Cured," which he offers to send free, postpaid, to all applicants. It contains valuable information for all who suppose themselves afflicted with, or predisposed to, any disease of the throat or lungs. Address Dr. J. H. SCHENCK & SON, 523 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. Mention this paper.

Old Gold Bought.—Silver and Platinum of all kinds. Full value paid. J. T. Clark, Refiner of all Residues containing gold or silver, 123 Filbert St., Philadelphia, Pa. Send by mail or express. Mention THE POST.

PEARL'S White Glycerine leaves the skin soft, smooth, pliable and beautiful. Use Pearl's White Glycerine Toilet Soap.

PAY'S Building Materials for Roofs, walls, and Ceilings in place of Plaster. Samples free. Camden, N. J.

A UNIQUE machine, indispensable to the farmer or poultry-raiser, is the Frank Wilson $10-dollar bone and shell-grinding mill, advertised on this page. The high value of bone-meal and shell is everywhere recognized by progressive agriculturists, and nothing has ever been devised which for simplicity cheapness and good work, can be compared to this mill. Send for illustrated catalogue.

THOSE of our readers who have not yet sent for a cake of The Frank Siddalls Soap had better do so before the remarkably liberal offer is withdrawn. The Frank Siddalls Soap is destined to have an immense sale, and as we understand it is in contemplation to establish agencies for its sale all over the United States, our readers who desire to aid in the introduction of what is one of the most remarkable inventions of modern science, would do well to avail themselves of the offer. Persons must not send for more than one cake, and when sending for a cake must not send for any of their friends, the rule being that the one who wants the Soap must send for it.

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

The name of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is heard in every dwelling, it finds a place in every household, and its praises are sounded throughout the whole Western Hemisphere, as a general invigorant, a cure for sick headache, a specific for flatulency and sour stomach, an appetizing stomachic, an excellent blood depurent, and a certain remedy for intermittent fever and kindred diseases.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

Grind your own Bone Meal and Oyster Shells in the $5.00 HAND MILL (Frank Wilson's Pat.) Illustrated circulars and testimonials furnished on application. A boy can grind 15 minutes. Address WILSON BROS., Sole Manufacturers, Easton, Pa.

A SENSATION

Has often been made by the discovery of some new thing, but nothing has ever stood the test like Dr. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills; their popularity and sale is unprecedented.

They supply a want long felt, and must become a household remedy. Just think—to be cured in a few weeks of these terrible nervous troubles and awful suffering from Sick Headache, Neuralgia, and Dyspepsia, and the nervous system put in a natural and healthy condition; destroying the Possibility of Paralysis, Angina Pectoris, and sudden Death, which is carrying off so many noble men and women in the full tide of life and usefulness.

This simple remedy of Extract of Celery Seed and Chamomile Flowers, combined in the form of pills, is a boon to humanity. It has saved the lives of thousands of nervous, headaching children in our schools and out every year. No nervous person or sufferer from Headache, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia or Paralysis will do themselves justice until they try these.

Sold by all druggists. Price, 50 cents a box. Depot, 106 North Eutaw St., Baltimore, Md. By mail, two boxes for $1.00, or six boxes for $2.50, to any address.

DR. C. W. BENSON'S

SKIN CURE

Is Warranted to Cure

ECZEMA, TETTERS, HUMORS, INFLAMMATION, MILK CRUST, ALL ROUGH SCALY ERUPTIONS, DISEASES OF HAIR AND SCALP, SCROFULA ULCERS, PIMPLES and TENDER ITCHINGS on all parts of the body. It makes the skin white, soft and smooth, removes tan and freckles, and is the best dressing in THE WORLD. Elegantly put up, two bottles in one package, consisting of both internal and external treatment.

All first class druggists have it. Price $1. per package.

DR. BENSON'S SKIN CURE, BALTIMORE, MD.

KIDNEY-WORT

IS A SURE CURE

for all Kidney Complaints and for all diseases of the

—LIVER.—

It has specific action on this most important organ, enabling it to throw off torpidity and inaction, stimulating the healthy secretion of the Bile, and by keeping the bowels in free condition, effecting its regular discharge.

If you are bilious, dyspeptic, constipated, or suffering from malaria, Kidney-Wort is the remedy you need.

FAIL NOT TO TRY IT.

PRICE $1. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

KIDNEY-WORT

PEARL'S WHITE GLYCERINE penetrates the skin without injury, eradicates all spots, impurities and discolorations, either within or upon the skin, leaving it smooth, soft, pliable. For Sunburn, Prickly Heat, Chapped, Rough or Chafed Skin, it is the best thing in the world. TRY Pearl's White Glycerine Soap. 2 cakes by mail 25c. Pearl's White Glycerine Co. Prop'r Jersey City, N. J. Sold by all Druggists.

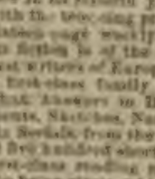
FREE. 100 SELECTIONS for Autograph Albums, 1 pk Transparent Cards, 1 pk Fan Cards, 1 pk Escort Cards, 1 pk Flirtation Cards, Language of Flowers, 6 Arctic Pictures, 1 Star Puzzle, 2 Chemical Puzzles, and an eight-page literary paper on trial 3 months. All the above sent on receipt of 12c. in stamps to cover postage, &c. Address KENDALL & Co., Boston, Mass.

Agents wanted. $5 a Day made selling our NEW HOUSEHOLD ARTICLES and FAMILY SCALE. Weighs up to 24 lbs. Sells at $1.50. DOMESTIC SCALE CO., CINCINNATI, O

40 Large Chromo Cards, no 2 alike, with name, 10c. Postpaid. G. I. REED & Co., Nassau, N. Y.

40 CARDS all Chromo, Glass & Motto, in Case, name in gold and jet 10c. West & Co., Westville, Ct.

THE DIAMOND DYES.



are the Simplest, Cheapest, Strongest and most brilliant Dyes ever made. One 10 cent package will color more goods than any 15 or 25 ct. dye ever sold. 24 popular colors. Any one can color any fabric or fancy article. Send for any color wanted, and be convinced. Set of fancy cards, samples of ink and 1 pkg. dye, all mailed for 10 cents. WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

A STARTLING SENSATION!

Nature's Last Secret!

Another Revolution!

Of interest to every reader of this paper, who appreciates merit, beauty and sterling value.

In all ages diamonds have been esteemed the most precious among precious stones. Modern invention, however, has just produced an imitation so marvelously perfect that expert judges fail to detect the difference. Why pay a fabulous price for a diamond when a perfect substitute can be had for nothing! The new diamonds are worn universally in Europe, and their reputation is being rapidly established here.

The imitations are called **Diamante Brilliants**, they are perfect gems, and all set in SOLID GOLD. They are mounted, set, wear and look like genuine diamonds. The best judges fail to detect the imitation from the real; they are produced chemically—are worn in the best society and are really the only perfect substitute ever produced, as they possess all the purity, brilliancy and penetrating lustre peculiar to *old mine diamonds of the first water*. We are sending out hundreds of them daily, and could fill a volume with the candid expressions of surprise and delight of recipients, from Maine to California. The illustrations below give an accurate outline of the style of setting the

We use but two sizes of **Diamante Brilliants**—the earrings and ring, each 3-karat stone, the stud 1-karats. They are not diamond grade, but are sold in Philadelphia for $5 to $15 each.

We don't sell **Diamante Brilliants**, but use them as a Premium for the Post. We are establishing a permanent magazine subscription list for the country; and we propose to work for it, spend money for it, and use every honorable means to attain our object. With such a premium we lose money on the first year's subscription; and if we fail to do all we promise and give a premium, which does not blunt or exceed the expectations of our readers our work is thrown away, and next year we can't expect to find you a member of the Post family.

We have studied the premium problem thoroughly, and we offer our **Diamante Brilliant Premiums**, confidently believing that subscribers who receive them will not only help us get others, but continue our patrons for many years. The new diamonds cost more money and are worth more than any premium ever offered before, for every subscriber is really getting

TEN DOLLARS FOR NOTHING.

We mean business and can't afford to mislead or misrepresent. No more salable present could be selected for anybody.

Our Offer.—On receipt of **three dollars** we agree to send *The Saturday Evening Post* one year—52 issues, and any one of the **Diamante Brilliants**.

We warrant them to be solid gold (neither rolled gold nor plated), and guarantee their prompt and safe delivery. A club of two subscribers to The Post, one year, accompanied by $5, entitles the sender to either the Ring, Stud, or Earrings, Free. A club of three, one year, and $6, entitles the sender to any two of the three premiums, free. A club of four, one year, and $8, entitles the sender to the Ring, Stud, and Earrings, Free; or, for $4, we will extend your subscription two years, and send either Ring, Stud, or Earrings as a premium, free. For $6, will extend subscription three years, and forward any two of the articles as a premium. For $8, will extend subscription four years, and send all three premiums, free. Club subscribers receive any one premium by sending 25 cents out of $2. All premiums sent by registered mail. Postage on premiums prepaid in every case. NOTE.—*If the premiums are not as represented in every particular*, return them to us, and we will return your money promptly. The Premiums may be sent to one address and the paper to another.

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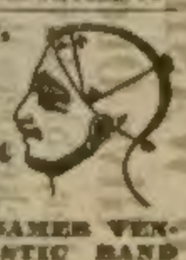

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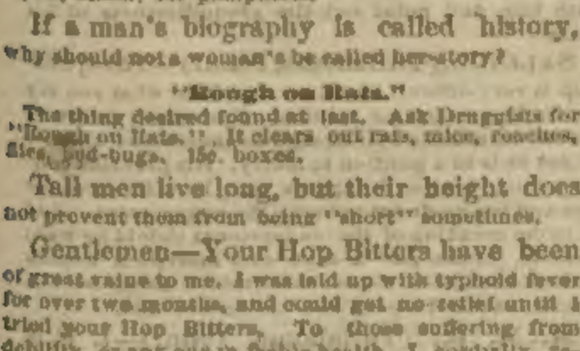

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Would you like to Obtain one of these Valuable Gifts? Read this Advertisement, and See how it can be obtained Free of Charge! The accompanying illustration represents, upon a small scale and very imperfectly, the handsome Silver Plated Caster which we wish to present, free to every gentleman and lady in America who wishes to possess it. This valuable and handsome Caster is very heavily plated with *pure coin silver upon white metal*; it has five handsome engraved bottles, and is as fine a Caster as any one need wish to place upon the table. Being heavily plated with pure coin silver upon white metal, it is warranted to wear for years, always looking as well as when new. It is of fine quality, durable, stylish and very handsome, and must not be compared with the worthless, cheap articles sold at low prices in the retail stores throughout the country. Every family in America not already supplied with a handsome Caster should now secure one of these, as easily as it can be obtained Free of Charge! Now why do we wish to give one of these elegant Casters away to all who apply, and what are the conditions? We publish three of the finest and most attractive family periodicals issued in the United States. The first is entitled The Fireside at Home, a monthly illustrated magazine of 36 large pages and 100 columns, the second is The Household Gazette, a large illustrated paper of 16 pages and 64 columns; and the third is The Home Home Journal, an 8 page, 32 column illustrated journal. These three periodicals contain in every number an enormous amount of the choicest reading matter for every member of the family. Their contents embrace Serial Stories, Short Stories, Poems, Useful Knowledge, Farm, Garden and Household Topics, Wit and Humor, Ladies' Fancy Work, Reading for the Young, the News, and everything to amuse, entertain and instruct the whole family. In a year's subscription to these three periodicals you will secure more and better reading matter than you would by investing $50.00 in books. They are three of the largest, best and handsomest periodicals in the world. The regular subscription price of The Fireside at Home, The Household Gazette and The Home Home Journal, for one year, is $2.50, and at this price they are the cheapest of all publications; but wishing to introduce them into 100,000 new homes immediately, we make the following grand extraordinary offer! To any one who will send us Two Dollars and Fifty Cents ($2.50) at any time before May 1st, 1882 we will send our Three Publications for One Year, and to every subscriber we will send Free of Charge, one of the Magnificent Casters illustrated and described above. The Caster will be an Absolute Free Gift, as we only ask you to pay the regular subscription price of our three periodicals; the only additional expense will be the express charge (payable at your express office on delivery), which will be a mere trifle compared to the great and lasting value of this superb premium gift. Remember, for $2.50 we send all three periodicals one year and the Caster *free!* This is a bona-fide bargain—the greatest ever offered to the American people. We make this great offer solely for the purpose of increasing the subscription lists of our journals. Money in full must accompany all orders. Order direct from this advertisement—nothing gained by correspondence. Send at once and get this greatest of all bargains. *We guarantee to give you more than double the value of money sent, and will cheerfully refund the amount to all not perfectly satisfied.* As to our reliability, we refer to any newspaper publisher in New York, likewise to the Commercial Agencies, as we have been long in business and have an established reputation. All orders promptly filled.

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THIS VALUABLE TWO-BLADE BONE HANDLE POCKET KNIFE SENT FREE of CHARGE! The accompanying illustration represents a superior quality 2-blade, bone handle pocket knife. Cut is not full size. The blades are guaranteed to be of the finest quality of English cast steel, and the handle is of fine white bone, neat and riveted with brass. It is a thoroughly good knife, well made, substantial, and fully guaranteed for quality and durability.

Wishing to introduce our splendid family magazine, The Fireside at Home, into thousands of new homes, we make the following very liberal offer: upon *receipt of* Only Twenty-five cents (in postage stamps) we will send you The Fireside at Home for Three Months, and to every subscriber we will send, Free, one of these valuable two-bladed knives. As the price of subscription only is asked, the knife is an Absolute Free Gift! The Fireside at Home is a large and handsome magazine of 32 large 8-column pages, with a handsome cover, elegantly printed and profusely illustrated. It is the largest and finest dollar magazine in the world. Each number contains a complete novel by a celebrated author, many interesting short stories, sketches and poems, many illustrated descriptive articles, very instructive portraits and biographies of distinguished people, Ladies' Fancy Work, Sermons by leading Divines, Household Recipes, Farm and Garden Notes, Stories, Puzzles and Games for the Young, Wit and Humor, etc. By taking advantage of this great offer you can secure this large and charming magazine for three months and this valuable two-blade pocket knife, all for only 25 cents! Remember, we guarantee the knife to be of the very best quality, not a cheap or worthless article. Every person taking advantage of this offer is guaranteed double the value of money sent, and we will cheerfully refund the amount if you are not entirely satisfied. As to our reliability, we refer to any publisher in New York, also to the commercial agencies. Send at once, and get the greatest bargain of the age. Address, F. M. LUPTON, Publisher, 27 Park Place, New York.

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50 LARGE HANDSOME CHROMO CARDS, name on 10c. New & Artistic designs, acknowledged the prettiest sold. A Sheet of Samples 10c. F. W. Austin, Fair Haven, Ct.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

FASHION has become quite historical; almost every period, from old Greece to the beginning of this century, is reproduced in a modern gathering of ladies.

Here we have the Mary Stuart style, with its high frilled collar hiding the neck; there the old-fashioned tucked up dresses, forming puffs over the hips, in true Vicar of Wakefield fashion.

There you see poke bonnets, Gainsborough hats, with leg-of-mutton sleeves, puffed and Huguenot sleeves, slashed sleeves, &c.; and short dresses, showing all the foot and ankle, and long sweeping trains, all however, bearing some particular historical date about it.

And shoulder wraps are equally variable; some ladies being covered entirely with a loose pelisse, which they fold round them like a shawl, whilst others wear tight and jaunty jackets and long cloaks, which fit them with statuesque precision.

The revival of polonaises will give variety to dresses. The long coats of last winter may easily be converted into polonaises by adding the bow drapery at the back, and by bunching up, or turning back the fronts to the centre of the back, where they are fastened together by the back bow, which forms the drapery.

A cloth coat, for instance, may have the fronts turned back with plush, and be fastened back with a plush bow-drapery, and the rest of the trimmings will match; or any other material, which a lady may have lying by, will serve as well, as an old brocade, silk, satin.

Plain cuirasse bodies of last year may be made fashionable by opening the back, and inserting box-plaits to match either the body itself, or the trimming on the dress. Others have the large drooping bow and ends placed on the back, to give them the now necessary "bustle" look. A few tight bodies are buttoned crossways, from the left shoulder to the right hip.

Evening pointed bodies are sometimes made with two points, and sometimes with one; they are almost all edged round with frills of lace, or band, of the dress trimmings, or have puffed tunics attached to them when a narrow ribbon edges the body, over the gathering of the tunic.

Here is a very stylish dress, and easy to make. You have two materials you wish to make up, for instance, cheviot and plush. Well, you cut half-widths of each, and sew them alternately together, and then kilt the whole into a round hip band or on to a foundation lining, edged with a narrow plaiting at the bottom, of either of the materials, or of both. The body will be of the woolen material, and the scarf, which is gathered into the waist and puffed over the hips, will be of the plush, and will be formed into a handsome bow-drapery at the back, covering the whole of the back of the skirt.

Round the waist, a narrow band of the plush. Plush collar, and plush cuffs.

Evening dresses are all trimmed with flounces or embroidered aprons in front. Some are composed of black net, satin, or surah. Others are of white materials, embroidered with pearls and beads of different sizes; there are jet beads, nail-beads, and diamond-cut beads of every color for these embroideries. For white dresses, pearls, opals, and white bugles are employed.

Black cashmere and satin, and indeed white cashmere, satin, and nun's veiling may be embroidered in open work, which is also very pretty, and not so showy as bead trimming.

If the whole front apron is not embroidered, the side panels, which separate the front widths from the back are embroidered or covered with beaded passementerie, which is a good substitution for embroidery, on bands, not wider than half a yard. Shaded beads and shaded chenille are used to embroider shaded materials.

A very great novelty for evening dresses this winter, especially for young folks, are wide sash ribbons made of feathers, particularly peacock's feather, the eyes of which are glued on to the ribbon and then edged round with gold thread. Other sashes are made of plush, plush and satin, or striped plush. Watered silk sashes in garnet, blue, or myrtle green look very pretty with white dresses, for quite little children.

Bright-colored stripes and checks are worn by those who run after every novelty. They look sometimes, however, too zebra-like, and are not to be recommended as good taste. I think that all these colored stripes and shaded materials will soon be out of fashion. They are over-done and are the reverse of pretty, excepting for young children, who can wear anything and everything, and always look pretty, thanks to their youth.

A great novelty for out-of-door wear is the new shooting jacket, of dark red cloth or flannel. It is worn over black dresses, and is very stylish and comfortable-looking.

A new sleeve has come into fashion; it is cut in one piece, and on the straight. It has only one seam, in the inside of the arm. It is puffed all the way down. The novelty consists in that it is shaped into a point at the top, and high enough to reach the neck, it being then gathered down to the shape of the shoulders, and is fitted into the body, between the back and front shoulder seams.

House dresses are now all made to imitate Grecian robes; they are made of cashmere, and are embroidered or painted in Greek designs or in leaves, flowers, and straggling grasses.

A new crpote has made its appearance in Paris. It is shaped like a Charlotte Corday cap, and is made of gold braid and velvet, with a cluster of scarlet flowers on one side.

Poke bonnets and large-brimmed hats are edged round with lace, deep enough to shade the eyes.

As the depth of this lace is gradually increasing, I foresee that it will soon be deep enough to cover the whole face. As it is, veils can be quite dispensed with, when these frills re-added to the brim of a hat or bonnet. A new pelisse has also made its appearance. It is in the shape of a Catholic bishop's cloak, with under sleeves fastened to a partly close under body, which is not seen, but which gives the shape to the cloak. It is made in brocaded satin or velvet, and is trimmed with rich passementerie and lined with colored satin.

Very handsome Mother-Hubbard cloaks are made of Indian and Paisley shawls. The short wide sleeves of the cloaks are made of the points of the shawl. The trimming is of fur, or of feathers. They are very stylish and rich looking, and I have never seen shawls converted into cloaks with so much taste. The gatherings of the cloak make this arrangement easier than any other kind of shawl-cloak.

Fashion, altogether, is very generous in the patterns of winter wraps. They are expected to harmonize with the general tone of the costume and hat. Some cloaks are made of serges and fine wool cloth of light and neutral tints, and are lined with bright colored satin or plush. The shapes are long and half-long, and the sleeves are large and full, and gathered in at the wrists.

Flannel costumes are combined with silk of the same color, and are thus made to look very dressy and pretty. The collar and cuffs are of the silk, also the bow at the back. Russian-fog is the new color for flannel costumes this winter.

Here are three dressing-gowns, which I can recommend for tea or family dinner. The first is of grey, soft, twilled flannel, opened in front over a plastron of plaited surah of the same color to imitate the appearance of an under dress. The flannel fronts are tied across the under plaited part with satin ribbons, placed at regular distances all down the front, beginning from the throat, around which is a ruching of flannel, with a smaller satin ruching in the middle, and a lace frill next to the neck. In front the shape is in princess form; at the back however, there is a Watteau-plait flat to the waist, and then spreading out in a full train, which is edged at the bottom with a plaited flounce, ending in a bow on each of the front points. The sleeves are nearly tight, and are trimmed round to match the neck.

The second is of blue plush, edged all round with a band of red satin; red satin collar, red satin buttons down the front. This is excessively pretty and original. A white lace cravat is tied round the neck, and white lace ruffles are added to the sleeves. Red slippers should be worn with this dress.

The third is of drab poplin, made with a shoulder-piece, and the gown plaited on to this shoulder-piece. A band of ruby colored plush binds round the entire edge of the gown; and collar and cuffs are also of ruby plush, as also is the waist belt.

Fireside Chat.

SCRAP SCREENS.

HAVING pictured two large draught screens, I beg to give "Inquirer" my ideas and practice, which may enable me to make a scrap screen. In a former number of The Post, I gave an inquirer the directions how to put on the pictures, and what kind of paste to make for them, so I need not repeat them again, but answer my correspondent's inquiries.

There are so many different styles of picturing screens that it comes to be a matter of individual taste, and no authorized rules are laid down to guide those who wish to picture one. I submit the two different styles that I have made. One panel or leaf of the screen I made with female half-length beauties, flowers, and birds. In the centre of the panel I put a large oval picture, representing snow or winter, about 24in. by 18in. I kept this oval, and did not cut away the sky or background, and then at regular distances I put on female faces, both German prints and French prints, all at regular distances to look uniform, and to make the pictures to look face to face at one another; and, after these were all hung, put on the flowers, birds, &c.

All the flowers, faces, &c., must be cut out for this style. Put on the finest flowers nearest the central figures of the screen, the common quality near the bottom; keep the flowers an eighth of an inch from the heads and profiles of the female beauties, so that there may be a distinct space of the background of the screen between the faces and the flowers. At the under part of your female picture you must put the flowers an eighth of an inch over the dress, or just so that the figures may look as if they were seated or standing amongst flowers. If they were an eighth of an inch from, instead of on, the dresses or busts, it gives the figures a half-length or medallion look.

For this style, if "Inquirer" would take a piece of newspaper pasted together and cut the size of one of the panels, and cover this with silk or any other kind of paper the color of the ground of the screen, lay it on a table, and place the pictures and flowers on it, this will give "Inquirer" an idea how the panel will look, and arrange them according to taste.

Another plan is to stick up the pictures on the screen with needle points, or very fine pins, before pasting them on, for when once pasted on, if you take them off to alter them the pictures are injured and creased-looking.

The other style I did so as to have none of the background of the screen. This I found difficult, but when once finished the appearances compensates the trouble and work. The idea I took from a landscape picture, and the pictures almost entirely from the colored pictures from illustrated papers. At the top of the screen I put on a distant view or landscape, such as Falls of Niagara, Lifeboat, or the Village of Argeno, kept all the sky and clouds of the pictures at the top of the screen, and as I got on with the picturing increased the size of the pictures, such as the figures in the "Rifle Contest," and further down figures about the size of "Apple Blossoms" or "Nut Gathering," then further down figures such as "Care Misplaced" or "Going to the Well," and then further down figures such as the "Standard Bearer," the "Mouse Trap," or "Sharing the Gains" (the latter is a very fine picture), and then at the bottom of the screen figures such as "Lady-bird, and "Children in the Wood," keeping them 3in. or 4in. from bottom for a ground of leaves or branches of trees. None of the back-ground of the screen is seen, and the figures must not be too near each other.

The spaces are all filled up with colored bits, so as to give a distant far-off look, and to bring the larger figures into relief, and the pictures dove-tailed into each other, so that after the screen is finished none of the joints are seen; need not add directions for fixing and varnishing the screen after it is finished, as they were given in a former number.

PIANO FRONTS.—There is no reason now when everything from a drawing-room suite to a bed room candlestick is made so cheaply and so tastefully, that we should ever see an ugly room.

And yet among the many improvements made, people cling to their horsehair and stiff leather furniture more than they do to old friends; and if they do summon up courage to refurnish their rooms, they have some such eyesore in it in the cottage piano which in its rosewood case with a front of red or blue silk generally occupies the most prominent place in the room. In place of the silk frontage, put prettily-fluted Madras muslin, which you can buy two yards wide at a price which is not ruinous. Provided you go this way to work, you have a piano that looks perfectly new at not much cost. Of course this is the very cheapest way of all, but the silk fronts may be replaced in a dozen different ways. Gold-colored silk sheeting, with gold-colored dadoes of a different shade from the ground worked in filoselle is most effective and most durable, though sheeting, with crewel work on it, is cheaper, and answers the purpose quite as well.

Choose the shade which best goes with your room, have the pattern stamped on it, and when you have finished all you can do, get any workman to fix it in the piano-front for you. Persian work of any description would look lovely, with the additional charm of it not being expensive.

Painted panels look perhaps best of all, provided no gaudy colors are used, and impossible birds are not made to fly over impossible trees. A dead-gold back-ground, with white lilies, or water lilies, bulrushes, butterflies, and a little water. A dead-leaf-brown ground, with cornflowers, poppies, and daisies, or buttercups, wallflowers, and daisies. A dull black ground, with branches of oranges or lemons; all these are easy to any one who can draw and paint at all. Engravings of Gainsborough's or Reynolds' pictures let into the panels look wonderfully well. You must be careful not to get any very heavy materials, as they may spoil the tone of your piano. Thin brass plates have a rich effect and would go with anything in your room. But supposing you want, for singing purposes or when you have an "at home," to turn your piano with its face to the wall, it is best to have a pretty back to show, and this is even easier than managing new fronts.

THE play of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was cut short at Montreal the other evening by the donkey prancing upon the stage and taking an active part in Uncle Tom's death scene.

Correspondence.

DORA BELL, (Troy City, Tenn.)—Being at such a distance it is more than possible that the letters on both sides have miscarried. We think it quite proper for you to write again.

BARBARA F., (Mason, Ill.)—Whose place do you mean? If you mean your sweetheart's, or lover's, we think not. It might look, even going there with your father, as though you were forcing yourself on him. Should your father or other responsible blood relation accompany you, and stay there with you, we cannot see any harm.

HATTIE, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—The vibration of the air acting on the organs of the ear makes sound. If there were no air, and we were deaf, we would have no perception of sound. A substitute for sound in such a case might be acquired in motion through the medium of the teeth, or other parts of the body, as in some systems of teaching the deaf.

SIGNORA, (Port Elizabeth, N. J.)—Jealousy is begotten of love, it is said, and the extent to which our husband exhibits it is a proof of his love for you. Nevertheless we can sympathize with the annoyance and vexation it causes you. It is difficult to advise in the matter. In his better humor, reason with him, and point out the groundlessness of his fears.

SALLY R., (Tullahoma, Tenn.)—The question is very difficult to answer, and from what you say we could not form an opinion. You ought to know his circumstances well enough to understand whether or not he is in a position to marry. His previous conduct would lead us to suppose that he still cares for you and has no desire to break the engagement. And as to the breaking of the engagement should he want to do so, let him go. A man who marries a woman feeling that he is almost constrained to do so will hardly make her a good and willing husband.

M. M. B., (Tullahoma, Tenn.)—1. It is not right for the gentleman to devote himself exclusively to the lady whom he takes to the party. He should, of course, particularly favor her, and see that she enjoyed herself thoroughly so far as he was concerned, but this can easily be done without ignoring everyone else. The very word "party" suggests what it should be: a gathering where all contribute their "part" to the enjoyment of the rest. 2. When the occasion is given in his honor by the parents of the young man, he should particularly abstain from singling any one person out for attention and favor. His duty then is to forget his individual preference and devote himself to all alike. Not to do so is to practically insult his own guests.

RICHARDS, (Baltimore, Md.)—The Sunday, as now observed, dates from the time of the ascendency of Cromwell and the Puritans in England. Before that, it was observed by English people much the same as by Continental nations. Neither the Roman Catholic nor the Lutheran religions nor the Greek Church hold it as inconsistent with the professions of a priest, or a devoted adherent to the Christian faith, for such a one to encourage or take part in amusements on Sunday after having been at church. Luther in fact advocated this idea in setting forth the difference between the Jewish Sabbath and Christian Sunday. In England, as late as the seventeenth century, James I., in his "Declaration Concerning the Lawful Sports," commanded that all who attended church on Sunday should be allowed after the service to amuse themselves with dancing, archery, leaping, etc.; but forbade bowling, interludes and bull and bear baiting. As to whether the modern Continental Sunday or the Sabbath as observed by us is the most to be commended, we, of course, have no opinion to offer.

MAMAW, (Jennings, Ind.)—We are sorry that anything we can recommend will not have much effect in changing the expression of your daughters' faces for the better. An intelligent face is always an interesting face, and that can only be acquired by the slow process of education. We are not unmindful, however, that fashion undertakes to regulate in many cases the expression of women's faces. Just now, for example, wide mouths are in fashion, and the belle no longer murmurs "prunes." Moreover, with a little practice a woman can often alter the style, if not expression, of the face. The hair over the forehead can be arranged to produce any outline for the upper part of the face; the mouth can be made to widely vary its expression; the eyes can be kept partly wide open or languidly half-closed; the cheeks can be rounded by using "plumpers;" the eyebrows can be arched or straightened; the color be controlled to a high degree. The nose is about the only intractable feature. It sticks out in unalterable independence, defying all efforts to shorten or straighten it. We might as well remind you here that not one woman in ten ever laughs or smiles naturally. Many knowing full well their defects of teeth or expression try to hide or reform them. We know a pretty girl who will never go to hear a comedy, or listen even to a comic song, because she isn't pretty when she laughs. If inadvertently caught by something comic, she smothers her laugh in the daintiest of laced pocket handkerchiefs, thus diverting attention from her face. This is all the consolation we can give you.

GRACE MORGAN, (Shrewsbury, Iowa.)—1. If you have a friend who knows the young man you might ask him or her to introduce him. There is nothing wrong in this, though showing too great anxiety in the matter might make people talk. On the whole, however, we believe it would be better in your present state of feeling to remain unacquainted. Your loving him so intensely without knowing him, or anything about him, looks very much like imprudence, and there is no time when it is more necessary than in such cases. 2. We do not understand you. If you mean to take a person to a party who has never been in company before, your duty is to act in such a way as to prevent him from feeling any pain or embarrassment. Recall your own experience when you were in his place, and be guided by that. If you mean to fall out or quarrel, then we have no suggestions to offer. 3. The age at which a young lady is most admired is a question that admits of no settlement. All depends upon the admirer. As these vary with each man and woman, you would have to consult the world's population to get a fair opinion, and then calculate which age has a majority. 4. Altogether prudent and correct. A good, modest girl that knew and respected herself would be safe amid an army of soldiers. 5. No. It is not prudent or womanly even to flirt with a person you know only by sight. In a mere girl such conduct may not be altogether inexcusable, but in a woman it is utterly unpardonable. 6. Whether the stout or lean be most admired is also a question of taste. As many, perhaps, are of one way of thinking as of the other. If there is any difference at all we believe it to be against the fleshy. 7. In our experience, we find the general impression among sensible people is to judge a person more by himself than by his grandfathers or nationality. Make yourself worthy of being well thought of, and your ancestry need give you very little concern.